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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

REVIEWS.

Italy: Remarks made in several Visits from the Year 1816 to 1854. By the Right Hon. Lord Broughton, G.C.B. (Murray.)

It is not often that an author is so thoroughly master of his subject as Lord Broughton. Italian history and literature, contemporary art and classical antiquities, are as familiar to him as the catechism and multiplication-table to the head form in a village school. He dashes into the midst of the toughest controversy as easily as an otter takes to the water, and overwhelms you with quotations and authorities, inscriptions, excerpts, and deductions, before you have well settled the preliminaries, or fairly understood on which side lies the orthodox belief. Lord Broughton is seldom orthodox; but then he is never shallow, and is always an uncompromising enemy to sentimentality and humbug. However pretty the story may be, however time-hallowed and appropriate, it cannot stand the test of the coldest and most searching criticism; he demolishes it without remorse, scarcely lingering to bury the fragments decently. Thus, in the celebrated question of Tasso and Leonora, we find him on the rigid and unpoetical side, with a perfect disregard for all that poets or poetasters have ever said or sung. In his dissertation on this he repeats the substance of some of the notes to his friend's noble "Lament;" adding, though, what Byron would never have had the cold hardihood to do, that Tasso was neither in love with Leonora d'Este, nor imprisoned for any cause connected with her, and that the celebrated kiss was but a gallant fable; and then he ends by scouting with indignant chivalry various late attempts to make it seem that Leonora both encouraged and returned love-passages with the poet. His imprisonment, he says, was due only to his passionate complaints of Alfonso's treatment of him, after his return to Ferrara, and love and ambitious hopes had nothing to do with it. It will be remembered by most of our readers that Tasso escaped from Ferrara, where he was held in a kind of imprisonment in the Franciscan convent, and there forced to take nauseous medicines to cure him of his melancholy. For he was dissatisfied with his fate; dissatisfied at receiving only "flowers not fruits"—only fair, fine words, and unfulfilled promises—from those to whom he had dedicated his genius and his life. There was also a rumour afloat that he intended to carry his services elsewhere, and doubtless he was, as it appears, irritable and contentious. Whereupon Alfonso took his poem, his "Gerusalemme" from him, and sent him to the Franciscan convent, to be had in safe keeping, and powerfully dosed. The poet's love of freedom and hatred of things nauseous were too strong for him; he escaped to Rome, and Alfonso was furious. When he returned—which he did against the advice of his friends—but chiefly to recover his "Gerusalemme," if not once more to live in the light of Leonora's eyes (?)—the Duke would neither see him nor allow him to hold any communication with the Princesses, nor even suffer the court servants to receive him, and then Tasso:

"After having suffered these hardships with

patience for some time, seeing himself constantly discountenanced by the Duke and the princesses, abandoned by his friends, and derided by his enemies, could no longer contain himself within the bounds of moderation, but, giving vent to his choler, publicly broke forth into the most injurious expressions imaginable, both against the Duke and all the house of Este, as well as against the principal lords of the court, cursing his past service, and retracting all the praises he had ever given in his verses to those princes, or to any individual connected with them, declaring that they were all a 'gang of poltroons, ingrates, and scoundrels.'"

For this offence he was seized and confined as a madman in a solitary cell in the madhouse of Santa Anna. And Serassi, his biographer, calls Alfonso "his generous and magnanimous sovereign;" that he did not punish, but benignly treated him as a simple lunatic. The fact is unquestionably as Serassi and Lord Broughton states, but the motive? Can Lord Broughton be quite so sure as he pretends that no outraged pride, no fear of family shame, no rage at a love too lowly for that haughty house of Este to accept, helped Alfonso in his tyrannous severity? If it had been only anger at a few hasty words, would Agostino Mosti, his gaoler, and himself a literary man, have ventured to treat him with "*ogni sorte di rigore et inumanità*;" and does not the very silence and shrinking of Leonora read more like consciousness and terror than indifference. And though we do not believe in the love correspondence between Tasso and the Princess, which the forger Alberti said he had bought of the Falconieri family, and which, if true, would have set the matter at rest for ever, yet we cannot give up our belief in the love of at least one, if not of both; for all that, Lucrezia Bendido had also her place, and the poet's passion for Leonora San Vitali was more real than the "*peut-être*" of Guingéné would allow. Poets have mobile temperaments if fixed affections; and Tasso, passionate, nervous, and excitable as he was, had just the nature that would lead him to love many while worshipping one. It is not a story to be given up lightly; and though we would do all honour to our author's power of sifting literary evidence and hatred of "the thing that is not," we yet, pending further proof, cling to the tradition that has inspired poets and peoples; and through the sanctity of long credence, has become part of the Gospel of Love. Tasso and Leonora divorced, and his love dwarfed to a mere word of friendship—what historic poem would be secure?

To make up for his scepticism with respect to Tasso's love for Leonora, Lord Broughton believes in Petrarch's love for Laura. Internal evidence does not go far with him: a natural defect in a man who judges only with his intellect. He can reject the evidence of the burning passion that marks and informs every line of the one, and yet accept the frigid beauty and careful finish of the other as witness of a real human love. He can believe that Tasso, ardent, wild, unbridled, could amuse his fancy by dressing up a cold respectful friendship in the fashions of a torrid frenzy that has no existence save in form; and at the same time contend for the living truth and lower objects of what most men instinctively feel was but an intellectual sentiment, and the occasion rather than the source of inspiration. Petrarch, by his own confessions, was a man of ardent temperament and not over rigid habits; but the man who flagellated himself for saintly reasons, and became a father unblessed by the Church,

was scarcely likely to have found it sufficient for his love to write a few exquisite sonnets, which are more like beautiful marble statues representing passions, than those passions themselves, warm, palpitating, and dishevelled as in troubled human life.

For Boccaccio, Lord Broughton has a generous genial word: though he does try to excuse "the hyæna bigots" of Certaldo, who tore up his tombstone and flung it disdainfully aside, when they were making a new floor for the church where he was laid. His surmise is amiable; but a little vigorous hate against intolerance is sometimes good for the soul. If the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo were infamous, what can we say of Mr. Eustace, who disposes of Boccaccio thus?

"Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence; and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust."

Mr. Eustace may have been a "very amiable person," as Lord Broughton calls him, but he was neither broad nor just. He never remembered that the indignant epithets flung at the Italian might be cast nearer home as well, and at names somewhat more reverently held. Our old dramatists, Shakspeare himself, and certain books which we will not particularise, contain as much indecency as the "Decameron;" but people do not defile their names, or think "that their impure remains would be suffered to rot without a record." Had Boccaccio satirised the vices of the laity only, or of professed unbelievers, men would have said, "How coarse!" and perhaps have hidden away the book from their wives; but his name would not have been condemned as that of the arch-priest of immorality. Tearing off the cowl and showing the licentious hypocrite beneath, was quite another thing. It was the object, not the manner, of his attack that gained him enemies; yet it was something for which even we, in Protestant England, would be grateful that, in those priest-ridden days, a man could be found bold and brave enough to attack them in the front, and hold up their hidden villainies fearlessly to the gaze of honest men. "*On se ferait siffler si l'on prétendait convaincre Boccace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, puis qu'il a fait le Decameron*," said Bayle, "one of the best of men, and perhaps the best critic that ever lived—the very martyr to impartiality," as Lord Broughton calls him. And Bayle may well weigh down the prim fastidious Englishman.

"Alfieri is the great name of this age," his honour resting as much on the free opinions he upheld as on the genius with which he upheld them. His tragedies are seldom acted in Italy; but his memory is dear to all save the tyrants of Italy, who can scarcely be expected to love their enemies. They fear his name, dead and mute as he is; and the more they fear, the more the people love. On one occasion when Lord Broughton, then Mr. Hobhouse, was at La Scala, in Milan, a celebrated improvisatore, named Sgricci, had handed to him, as one of the themes among many others on which he was to improvise—"The Apotheosis of Victor Alfieri." At the name the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause continued for many moments. The police were behind the scenes, regulating and deciding on the propriety of the themes proposed; and the people knew well that no improvisa-

tore or other would be permitted to declaim on Alfieri's merits. But they greeted the name as a protest and a sign, a protest against the tyranny which he so vainly combated, and a sign that his hopes and principles had not died from among them. Alfieri had wonderful hair. Long, silky, auburn locks—at once his strength and his weakness, his glory and his torment—swept wildly over his shoulders, proving a veritable snare and net for mischief as well as for hearts. One night, at the house of the Princess Carignani, those wandering locks got him into sad disgrace. But Lord Broughton must tell the story:

"The poet was one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, and leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea-service of China, by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoilt her set, and had better have broken them all; but the words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. His hair was fated to bring another of his eccentricities into play; for being alone at the theatre in Turin, and hanging carelessly with his head backwards over the corner of his box, a lady in the next seat on the other side of the partition, who had, on other occasions, made several attempts to attract his attention, broke into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down close to her hand. Alfieri spoke not a word, and continued in his posture until he left the theatre. The lady received the next morning a parcel, the contents of which she found to be the tresses she had so much admired, and which the count had cut off close to his head. There was no billet with the present, but words could not have more clearly expostulated, 'If you like the hair, here it is, but for Heaven's sake leave me alone.'"

He was notoriously silent. Once he employed a Greek tutor to help him in some of his translations. The tutor read aloud and translated as he read. Alfieri, with pencil and tablets, and floating auburn tresses, walked about the room, and wrote down his freer and more poetic version. If the tutor read too quickly the part, the pupil held up his pencil; when ready to proceed, he tapped on the table, and the translation continued, always without a word. The lesson began and ended with a slight and silent salute from each, and not half a dozen irrelevant words were spoken between them during the year and a month of instruction. Lord Broughton disposes of the question of Alfieri's marriage with the Countess of Albany, "his only love," and widow of Charles Edward Stuart. The Abate Caluso, his friend and confidant, who wrote his epitaph, and received his last breath, though speaking of the Countess as "*quam unice delevit*," does not hint at a marriage; and both poet and lady took as much pains to conceal the fact, if it really existed, as other people would have done to publish it, if in a like equivocal position.

The noble author does not confine himself to literature. He undertakes the difficult question of Roman antiquities, and shows himself more sceptical than Niebuhr himself. Niebuhr knocked down many of the most precious traditions that clung round the Stones of Rome; and Lord Broughton all but completes the work of historical iconoclasm. Even the Cloaca Maxima, that has furnished so many writers, who never saw it, with occasions for parallels laudatory of the past, and condemnatory of the present, has a shake; and while we are

told what it was not, and by whom it was not built, we are left in a somewhat hazy condition as to what and whose it is. Also the pretty legend of the Virgin Tarpeja, sitting under the hill, covered with gold and jewels, and bound by a spell, which Niebuhr says he was told by some girls living in the cottages on the Capitoline Hill, Lord Broughton dismisses with a denial. Neither he nor others could find a trace of the legend in Rome, he says; and Niebuhr was imposed on, little credulous as he was. The whole condition of the Roman antiquities is very unsatisfactory. Violence, ignorance, bigotry, and cupidity, have all been more powerful agents of destruction than time or the elements. The barbarians, the Christians, the patrician families who clutched all they could, popular tumults, foreign armies, and beyond and above all, popes and priests, have done their best to destroy what remained of the glory and religion of old Rome, thinking perhaps to do truth and virtue service by obliterating the memorials of a benighted past. Churches and walls have been built up of the stones from ancient temples; the lime-kilns were supplied from the carved wonders of fane and altar; Gregories, Alexanders, Sixtuses, Pauls, and the rest, vied one with the other who should most despoil the pagan old for the sake of the Christian new; and the Orsini, the Colonna, the Conti, Frangipani, Corsi, and Savella, divided among themselves such monuments as the Mole of Hadrian and the Theatre of Pompey, the Mausoleum of Augustus and the Baths of Constantine, the Quirinal, the Colosseum, the Tomb of Metella, and the Capitol; while the columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius were given to the keeping of certain religious communities which abandoned them to total neglect. Even a stone inscribed to Agrippina was used as a measure for three hundred-weight of corn; and popes and bishops rest in coffins formed of bas-reliefs and sculptures whence their former heathen tenants had been flung out. Yet these are the times and the people for whom we are always bidden to have so much gratitude, as for the quiet preservers of what art and learning of antiquity remain to us. Add to these destructions a hopeless confusion in the nomenclature of almost all the minor remains, and it will be evident that the Roman antiquarian has no easy task before him, if he would catalogue and assign with accuracy. The first thing the traveller is told to look at, before arriving at the city, is the Tomb of Nero. This is a sarcophagus, inscribed "C. VIBIUS MARIANVS;" and this introductory mistake may be taken as a sample of the rest to come. The measurement of the walls; the ruins that are now basilicas, now baths, now portions of temples, and now perhaps supper-houses; the Tomb of the Scipios, which has nothing authentic but its site; where the great temple of the Capitol stood, and from which of the two angles of the Tarpeian rock were flung the traitors and criminals; who was the gladiator, and whether he was a gladiator at all or no; the Plato and Homer in the Museum, only two busts of the bearded Bacchus; an Antinous, a Mercury, and Venus and Mars, rightfully Vetturia and Coriolanus; the Temple of Concord a doubt; and the very Forum itself, with all its remains, by no means an undeniable certainty—these are some of the more striking doubts which Lord Broughton and the antiquarians put forth as to the authenticity of certain received Roman

remains. But though archæology is one of those knotty points which nothing but the most elaborate handling can unloose, still it is well to remember that scepticism also has its credulous side, and that the man who doubts everything is pretty sure to believe a few negative lies, to say the least of them.

The political history of northern Italy claims a few pages from our author, in which he is scarcely so satisfactory as in others more purely intellectual. The timid, tepid liberalism of the old Whig-school—the liberalism which was rather a sentiment than a passion, and which must be picturesque if it is not well-bred—lingers over every word; and though the pusillanimity of the Venetian and Milanese nobles is not spared, yet there is no recognition of the bravery of the people. Perhaps it was too much to expect in the reprint of travels and impressions forty years ago, that elaborate mention should be made of later doings, still we might have asked for a foot-note or an allusion to the heroic deeds of 1848, which have surely redeemed the Lombardo-Venetians for ever from the charge of apathy or cowardice. The defence of Venice and the fight round the walls of Verona, the sufferings of Milan and the patient valour of the whole population, might well have earned a little word of praise in between the rebukes given to the Mazzinians, and the timid admission that what other people have told him, has deterred him from writing on the Roman Republic of ten years ago. For that—though it is not a question to enter into now—we can only say that, knowing personally many of both sides, we should not, had we been writing Italian history, have been afraid to face the truth. It is just that truth which Lord Broughton has not heard, else he would not have given the weight of his name to the calumnies which have been imposed on him. To return to Venice, her mistake was in deciding for an unarmed neutrality. That mistake once made, she was powerless, and the French might invest her, or barter her away to Austria at their pleasure. Had Venice stood by Sardinia before Napoleon crossed the Alps, and had all the Italian states entered into an armed confederation, perhaps this present day would not have witnessed the painful drama playing out in every state of Italy. It was too late to think of resistance when the council *se démettait de son pouvoir*. The time for action went by, when the Sardinian messenger returned with the answer that Zaccaria Vallariso's fatal councils had prevailed, and that the ancient republic would maintain her "unarmed neutrality." The rest came by the fate and fall of consequences, but at least the people were not blameworthy. For the shameful treaty of Campo Formio, for Napoleon's bandit-like thefts and spoliations, for the dull ferocity of Austria, and the culture-watching of France, Italian history has no words of condemnation too strong or scathing. And even we, holding an even balance than she can do, because less interested and moved, even we should do well to be "righteously angry," and to plainly brand the evil that lies within our way. Lord Broughton's short summary of the manner in which the "paternal government" of Austria dealt with her Lombardo-Venetian children is weak, tame, and colourless, before the darker facts of which he does not speak; but, indeed, all the passages relating to politics are tame, and seem scarcely as little interested in the subject as afraid to speak too loudly;

for even English gentlemen of liberal opinions do not like to offend courts and fellow-nobles.

There is another curious omission. Speaking of Padua, Lord Broughton does not once mention Giotto, though Giotto has left imperishable traces of his power and genius there. Perhaps the Shepherd-boy had no special charms for Mr. Hobhouse; for it is not given to every one to understand or admire the quaint and mystical old pre-Raphaelite, who had so little conventional grace, and only spiritual beauty for his gift. But there is very little said, even incidentally, of painters or pictures in these volumes. The 'Last Supper' at Milan, so fast crumbling away to dust and ruin, some works of art scattered up and down the nobles' palaces, come in for a few words of criticism and recognition; but the book is more literary than artistic, and has larger sympathy with poets than with painters. If only on this account, then, it would be imperfect as a complete description of the country—complete even at the time when it was written; and with all that has come in between the years when Mr. Hobhouse wrote the striking notes for Lord Byron's Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold," and when Lord Broughton has re-published the work of his youth, it is singularly fragmentary and incomplete. It is an essay on the literature of Italy, interspersed with pleasant gossip of a few of her greatest writers; it is also an essay on the antiquities of Rome, by far the most learned and comprehensive portion of the work; but it does not deal with the life or the progress, or the hopes or the doings of Italy as she is; and to head the volumes "Italy, between the years 1816 and 1854," is a patent misnomer. This is no incurable defect. If Lord Broughton, having written out a part of "Italy, 1816," would now finish the remainder, and then write up the intervening years, he would give another "classic" to the world that might rank, in its way, with Daru or Lanzi. If, as he says, he must leave the continuation to younger hands, cannot he at least furnish the material and superintend the work?

Journal of the Reign of King George the Third, from the Year 1771 to 1783. By Horace Walpole. Being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with notes, by Dr. Doran. Two Volumes. (Bentley.)

FIRST NOTICE.

It is the special glory of Horace Walpole that he recognised fully the historic value of contemporary gossip. And he was, perhaps, the first writer of any eminence who possessed, or at all events who uniformly acted on, this knowledge. It is true that he sometimes pretends to despise authorship, to treat his own contributions to history as unconsidered trifles, and to laugh in his sleeve at the compliments that were paid to his learning and diligence. But this is only one of his many affectations. In collecting and recording the club gossip and court scandal of his time, he knew perfectly well what he was about, and appreciated justly the value of his work. He believed he was writing history, and so in a certain sense he was. Lord Macaulay laughs at this notion. "While he was fetching and carrying the gossip of Kensington Palace and Carlton House," says the great Whig historian, of Walpole, "he fancied that he was engaged in politics; and when he recorded that

gossip, he fancied that he was writing history." But the fancy is simply a fact, as the historian will discover should he ever advance in his great work as far as the reign of George the Third. Walpole's contributions to history are indeed fragmentary and incomplete; he often dwells on the minuter aspects of important questions, and looks chiefly at the personal bearings of great events. But his contributions are nevertheless of rare interest and value. He had excellent opportunities, not only of studying the course of public affairs, but of becoming acquainted with the more secret motives, which determined the conduct of public men. He was a good deal behind the scenes in more than one complicated crisis of the great political drama he describes. And he made the most of his advantages. Without any great range or depth of mind, he had quickness of observation, considerable knowledge of human nature, and a pleasant wit. These powers of observation and description were sharpened by constant exercise. Everything of importance that was said or done within the circle of his friends or the range of his experience was noted and recorded. His professed indifference to public affairs, like his contempt of literary fame, was entirely assumed. He was the most curious and diligent of men. While lounging at the resorts of fashion, supping in company, or playing at loo till two in the morning, he was by no means so utterly idle as he delighted to represent himself. During these indolent hours he was collecting the materials, the anecdotes and witticisms, the surmises, rumours, and secret explanations, which were arranged while he lay abed next morning, "calling it morning as long as you please." As soon as he had slipped into his dressing-gown, the cream of the news thus collected was penned in fastidious phrase to Sir Horace Mann, or some other favoured correspondent. That was in fact Walpole's chosen occupation. He delighted to polish these epistles with the utmost care, as he designed them not simply to meet the eye of his friends, but to descend to posterity as his representatives.

The fashionable gentleman who resented being spoken of as a man of letters, laboured most assiduously for literary fame, grouping his stories, refining his conceits, and trimming his phrases with the greatest care. After having worked up the choicest bits of gossip in his letters, his plan was to digest the remainder into memoirs. What was not thus digested remained in its primitive form—that of a diary or journal.

And taking them altogether, Letters, Memoirs, Journals, what an extraordinary collection of scandalous stories and secret histories, of personal sketches and private interviews, of quaint wit and crooked wisdom, has he left us. The collection is a surprising one, both in quality and quantity. Looking merely at the amount, there are eight volumes of letters, to say nothing of memoirs and journals. But the quality is the most surprising thing. Walpole's gossip is as interesting as romance, and far more instructive than much that is called history. In the first place his writing is very graphic, though we believe he did not at all set himself to make it so. This quality of his style is the natural result of his temperament and mental constitution. His intellect, while keen and observant, was at the same time small and narrow, and trifles that would have escaped the notice of a more masculine and comprehensive mind irre-

sistibly arrested his attention. He had something of a woman's love for scandal as well as for old China, and delighted in those characteristic trifles, those small peculiarities that give individuality to a sketch, and point to a story. There is thus a vivid personal element in all he writes. Of the two great subjects, measures and men, he dwells chiefly on the latter. But it is this fact that makes his sketches so valuable and important, as it is in this very direction that common histories are so deficient. The historian records actions and events, gives the avowed opinions of leading statesmen, and traces with more or less plausibility and skill the more obvious motives that determine their conduct. But these explanations are very often miserably deficient, and very rarely reach the more secret springs of action. To interpret fully a public man's conduct, some minute and detailed knowledge of his private life, personal character, and social connections, is almost indispensable. What imperfect materials for contemporary history Hansard and the Annual Register afford, apart from private memoirs and the gossip of the clubs. This vital element of history, Horace Walpole helps to supply, so far as the latter half of the last century is concerned. His liberal contributions are moreover as authentic as they are interesting. In the smaller points of incident and character that fell within the range of his own observation and experience, he is correct by a necessity of nature, and even in larger matters he is far more trustworthy than we might at first sight be disposed to imagine. He paid attention not only to public characters, but to the course of public events, and took pains to understand the complicated parliamentary problems that arose for discussion in his day. His accounts of the points of a bill and the course of a debate are generally clear and accurate enough. It is true that he did not at all understand the larger movements of the national life, the deeper forces that were at work, and the important changes of a social and political kind that were going on around him. He lacked not only the grasp of mind, but the imagination and sympathy requisite for this. He is full, too, of small but bitter prejudices, jealousies, and hatreds of various kinds. But these are comparatively harmless. Very often he does not attempt to conceal them, and when he does, his very art betrays him. His narrowness of nature is a safeguard, so that within his limited range, he is quite as truthful as Macaulay, if not more so. He wants the grasp of mind necessary for elaborate and dangerous misrepresentation. He is rarely tempted to sum up an entire era into a brilliant but deceptive antithesis, and if he does so, we may be sure he will not attempt to make the muse of history responsible for the rash generalisation. He would not, because he could not attempt to justify it by the assumption of a grave judicial tone, and the imposing display of the most minute and comprehensive knowledge. He is affected, prejudiced, full of self-importance, and often attaches an absurd value to trifles, but his narrative is on the whole thoroughly interesting and trustworthy.

We can scarcely have too much from such a writer, and these two volumes of Journals, hitherto unpublished, are a valuable addition to our standard materials for the elucidation of the social and political history of the last century. Considering the fragmentary

character of the Journal, the first volume is remarkably full and minute in its details of parliamentary proceedings. The early part of the volume is mainly occupied with the "Royal Marriage Bill," and the latter part with the affairs of the American colonies. The former subject Walpole naturally treats of at great length, as had a personal interest in it. The bill was brought forward in consequence of two marriages by princes of the blood, which had incensed the King in the highest degree. These marriages were those of the Duke of Cumberland to Mrs. Horton, and of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Waldegrave, Walpole's favourite niece. His account of the latter event, with the court quarrels, the fashionable disturbances, and personal perplexities it created, is of course a partial one; but there seems no reason to doubt that in the main he acted with spirit, good sense, and discretion, in the delicate position he occupied. He loved his niece sincerely, had obtained for her a splendid match in the person of her first husband, Lord Waldegrave; and, while at first strongly disapproving of her connection with the Duke of Gloucester, he acted throughout a kind and friendly part. We have been less struck, however, with this narrative, interesting as it is, than with certain incidental allusions to public men, and sketches of their characters and conduct which occur in connection with it. Amongst the most interesting are the references to Charles James Fox, already (in 1772) one of the first men, and perhaps the best speaker in the House. Many of Walpole's references to Fox in his other works are both injurious and unfair in a high degree. He delights to indulge in bitter and unscrupulous insinuations against his private character and his motives as a public man. Charles Fox was indeed exactly the kind of character which Walpole could not understand or sympathise with. His large and passionate heart, his vigorous and masculine understanding, his prompt, fervid, and impetuous eloquence, were quite beyond the range of Walpole's appreciation. No doubt he could recognise, and to a certain extent admire, his splendid gifts; but his breadth of mind and grasp of thought, his swift, clear insight and strong popular sympathies were beyond the keen and cultivated, but narrow intelligence of his fastidious critic. No contrast could well be greater, indeed, than that between Fox, with unkempt hair and soiled linen, holding morning levees in his bedroom, and Horace Walpole lounging over his chocolate and manuscripts at Strawberry Hill. Notwithstanding this natural opposition between the two men, the references to Fox in the first volume are on the whole very fair,—much more so than others that might be quoted from the voluminous pages of the same writer. He still indeed dwells on the vices and extravagances of his private life, but he does more justice to his public character:

"Charles Fox, whose ambition was checked by the inactivity in Parliament, gave notice in the House of Commons that he intended on that day fortnight to make a motion for the repeal of the Marriage Act, in order to bring in a new bill. His father, Lord Holland, had distinguished himself in the late reign by his animated opposition to that bill.

"When Fox moved this repeal he had not read the Marriage Bill, nor did till some days after. A few evenings before, he had been at Brompton on two errands: one, to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; the other, to borrow ten

thousand pounds, which he brought to town at the hazard of being robbed. As the gaming and extravagance of the young men of quality was arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at one Almack's in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleauxs of 50*l.* each rouleau; and generally there was 10,000*l.* in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above 20,000*l.* for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, underserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at Quinze. Each gambler had a small neat stand by him with a large rim, to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu, to hold their rouleaux. They borrowed great sums of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, the *Jerusalem Chamber*. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh."

A reference to the same subject is thrust into the midst of an account of the debate which took place on the petition of certain clergymen complaining of the subscription to the Articles:

"Charles Fox declared for rejecting the petition, but for doing something with regard to the Universities. Religion, he said, was best understood when least talked of. He did not shine in this debate, nor could it be wondered at. He had sat up playing hazard at Almack's, from Tuesday evening 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday 5th. An hour before he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing 11,000*l.* On the Thursday he spoke in this debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won 6000*l.*; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.* two nights after, and Charles 10,000*l.* more on the 13th; so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost 32,000*l.* Charles Fox complained of the quiet of the session, and said the House of Commons was always up before he was. There being a report that he was going to be married, it was told to his father, Lord Holland, who replied, 'I am glad of it, for then he will go to bed at least one night.'

He does justice however to Fox's clearness of intellect and strength of judgment:

"In the course of the debates I have given very inadequate ideas of the speeches of Burke, Charles Fox, and Wedderburn, three excellent orators in different ways. I could only relate what I heard at second-hand, or from notes communicated to me, which must be imperfect when not taken in short-hand. Burke's wit, allusions, and enthusiasm were striking, but not imposing. Wedderburn was a sharp and clear arguer, though unequal. Charles Fox, much younger than either, was universally allowed to have seized the just point of argument throughout, with most amazing rapidity and clearness, and to have excelled even Charles Townshend as a parliament man, though inferior in wit and in variety of talents. Lord North did not much shine but by the respect paid to his irreproachable character. Conway's integrity, ever at war with his fortune or his judgment, gained great honour, but his understanding often lost ground by his refining fickleness. Phipps, though not admired, showed much wit. The Speaker confirmed the reputation of his knavery, and lost much of his character for abilities.—But enough of that bill! Never was

an act passed, against which so much, and for which so little, was said."

But the following passage, in which Walpole sketches and compares Fox, Townshend, and Burke as speakers, is decidedly the most interesting. It is well worth reading throughout, and shows that the writer possessed discrimination and judgment as well as vivacity and wit:

"Though I had never been in the House of Commons since I had quitted Parliament, the fame of Charles Fox raised my curiosity, and I went this day to hear him. He made his motion for leave to bring in a bill to correct the old Marriage Bill, and he introduced it with ease, grace, and clearness, and without the prepared or elegant formality of a young speaker. He did not shine particularly; but his sense and facility showed he could shine. He said, the two great points of the former bill were to fix the notoriety of marriages, and to prevent improper marriages by establishing a nullity. He approved the first; he highly condemned the second. To encourage marriage by facilities was the business of a republican kind of government; but the late bill had been the work of a proud aristocracy, and he believed had hurt propagation, though he was not ready with proofs that it had. Colonel Burgoyne, a pompous man, whose speeches were studied and yet not striking, seconded him. Lord North, who had declared he would not oppose the introduction of the new bill, now unhandsonly opposed it, to please the Yorkes and the Peers, and spoke well. He said, formerly the bill had been matter of speculation; it was no longer so; twenty years had shown its utility; it ought not to be laid aside unless proofs could be brought that it had done hurt. T. Townshend supported the motion. Ellis, who owned he had been strongly against the old bill, said he had been converted to it in many points (by Lord North's supporting it), but should not oppose considering how to amend it. Ongley and Cornwall were, the first for the old, the second for the new bill. Cornwall was a comely sensible man, decent in his manner and matter, but of no vivacity. Burke made a long and fine oration against the motion; for Burke was certainly in his principles no moderate man, and when his party did not interfere, generally leaned towards the more arbitrary side, as had appeared on the late debates on the Church, in which he had declared for the clergy. He laid his chief stress on the impropriety of allowing men to beget children till they were of an age by strength and prudence to maintain them. He spoke with a choice and variety of language, a profusion of metaphors, and yet with a correctness in his diction that was surprising. His fault was copiousness above measure, and he dealt abundantly too much in establishing general positions. Two-thirds of this oration resembled the beginning of a book on speculative doctrines, and yet argument was not the forte of it. Charles Fox, who had been running about the House talking to different persons and scarce listening to Burke, rose with amazing spirit and memory, answered both Lord North and Burke, ridiculed the arguments of the former and confuted those of the latter with a shrewdness that, from its multiplicity of reasons, as much exceeded his father in embracing all the arguments of his antagonists, as he did in his manner and delivery. Lord Holland was always confused before he could clear up the point, fluttered and hesitated, wanted diction, and laboured only one forcible conclusion. Charles Fox had great facility of delivery; his words flowed rapidly, but he had nothing of Burke's variety of language or correctness, nor his method. Yet his arguments were far more shrewd; he was many years younger. Burke was indefatigable, learned, and versed in every branch of eloquence. Fox was dissolute, dissipated, idle beyond measure. He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at Hockerel, where he found company, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed when he came to move his bill, which he

had not even drawn up. This was genius—was almost inspiration. Being so extremely young, he appeared in that light a greater prodigy than the famous Charles Townshend. Townshend's speeches for four or five years gave little indication of his amazing parts. They were studied, pedantic, and like the dissertations of Burke, with less brilliancy. When he attained his maturity he exceeded everybody. Charles Fox approached to Charles Townshend only in argument. Though Townshend grew idle, he had taken pains. Both could illuminate themselves from the slightest hints; but Townshend's wit exceeded even Burke's, and was abrupt and unprepared, which Burke's was not, and he could shine in every science, in every profession, with a quarter of Burke's application. All three were vain, and kept down by no modesty. Townshend knew his superiority over all men, and talked of it; Fox showed that he thought as well of himself; Burke endeavoured to make everybody think so of him. Burke had most ambition, and little judgment; Townshend no judgment, and most vanity; Fox most judgment in his speeches, and none of Townshend's want of courage and truth. If Fox once reflects and abandons his vices, in which he is as proud of shining as by his parts, he will excel Burke; for of all the politicians of talents I ever knew, Burke has the least political art. None of the three was well calculated to command adherents. No man could trust or believe Townshend; and though he would flatter grossly, he would the next moment turn the same men into ridicule. Fox was too confident and overbearing; Burke had no address or insinuation. Men of less talents are more capable of succeeding by art, observation, and assiduity. The House dividing, Lord North was beaten by 62 to 61—a disgraceful event for a Prime Minister.

Here we must take leave for the present of these interesting volumes.

Civilized America. By Thomas Colley Grattan. Late H. B. Majesty's Consul for the State of Massachusetts, Author of "A History of the Netherlands," "Highways and Byways," &c. (Bradbury & Evans.)

The title of this work naturally suggests to the reader the name and contents of that remarkable treatise on the same subject in Europe, which is now occupying general attention, and which, whether justly or erroneously, must to a very large extent influence the form and the results of future speculation on social questions. But the resemblance is only in name. Mr. Grattan does indeed allude in his introduction to 'Civilization in England,' but it is only to announce that he does not profess to have examined Mr. Buckle's propositions, whilst he impliedly recognises their claims upon all writers who deal with subjects of this class. Mr. Grattan takes occasion however to state his disbelief in the theory which ascribes to climate and topographical formation any great influence upon national character. As this statement is coupled with Mr. Buckle's name, it is fair to the latter writer and to the true statement of the case, to point out that it is only in countries where the forms and energies of nature are imposing and excessive, that this supposed physical influence is alleged to exist; and in the northern states of the Union, these same theorists from whom Mr. Grattan differs would probably maintain that, as in Europe, the comparatively wild and inactive forces of nature have been successfully tamed by the superior activity of man. There is a difference also in the case of a barbarous nation and the colony of a civilised people; and if the dictum of Bentley, who scouts the idea that difference of climate inclines

one nation to sensuality and another to blood-thirstiness, is meant to apply to the former class of cases, we can only say that it appears to us to be opposed equally to reasoning and scientific observation. What Mr. Buckle does in fact say respecting America is quite confirmed by Mr. Grattan's observations, viz., that in no other country are there so few men of great learning, and so few of great ignorance: and that whereas in America the diffusion of knowledge is very extensive, its stock at the same time is small. He contrasts Germany with America, as being two extremes, in the former of which the great accumulation of knowledge is unfortunately accompanied by its imperfect diffusion; whilst in the latter, the universal spread of knowledge does not compensate for its deficiency in amount.

These considerations, however, would be of more importance, were it not that in truth Mr. Grattan's book has little in common with the writings of social philosophers. He is an observer who has enjoyed peculiar advantages and power both of obtaining and recording his impressions and his accumulated stores, which are the very materials out of which theories are gradually built up by others into stable and permanent laws.

It is only necessary to advert to the position which Mr. Grattan occupied as Consul for the State of Massachusetts, his experience in various European countries, especially in the Netherlands, and his employment in the negotiations respecting the Maine boundary, to show what his opportunities have been,—far superior indeed to those enjoyed by the author of "Hochelaga," of which popular and agreeable work we are more than once reminded by these pages. In method of construction the two volumes before us seem to have been framed on the ground-plan of a diary, interspersed here and there with essays on various political and religious questions; so that to some slight extent we follow the author's own career chronologically. Consistently with this, the opening chapters are a narrative of the voyage out, made so long ago as in July 1839, on board the *British Queen*, a wonder of size and speed in those days, and commanded by the unfortunate Captain Roberts, who with his third officer Watson was afterwards lost in the ill-fated *President*, and of the "first impressions" made upon landing, to which a peculiar value of their own is very reasonably ascribed. These, it must be confessed, are such as have long been familiar to us—descriptions of the gong, the rocking-chair, the precipitate meals, the bar with its "slings" or "cocktails"—are they not written and re-written in books of travels, sketches and caricatures without end? In one respect, however, Mr. Grattan was more fortunate than most travellers: he saw the sea-serpent. This event took place at Nahant, a watering-place which seems associated with some agreeable recollections. The writer describes it as a cool and charming retreat from the stifling heat of the towns; affording, moreover, occasions to mark the social habits of the Americans when not strictly at home. It was here one Sunday afternoon in August (the hotel is at the extreme point of a peninsula projecting into the sea), that a commotion was observed at no great distance from the shore—shoals of fugitive fish flying from a monster, not this time a shark, but a huge marine animal, stretching to a length quite beyond the ordinary dimensions of an ordinary fish, and universally considered by the hundred per-

sons who saw it to be no other than the sea-serpent. Mr. Grattan says "he was and is quite satisfied that on this occasion he had a partially indistinct, but positive view of the celebrated nondescript." The account given him by his wife of a view she had on the following day, when her husband was away, is still more clear and circumstantial. Mrs. Grattan distinctly saw "a huge serpent, gliding gracefully through the waves, having evidently performed the action of turning round." This testimony does not, however, touch the question, whether the movements ascribed to the sea-serpent were not those of some other marine creature known to naturalists under a different aspect.

Mr. Grattan dwells with much interest on the contrast between the cool, shrewd, keen and impassive character of the Yankee in private life, and the impetuous torrents of enthusiasm which overflow at public meetings. It is in crowds that the spirit of each man displays itself, and swells the aggregate of passions, which are sometimes tremendous in their results. Even in the art of joke-making there appears to be the necessity for a settled organised plan of combination. For the pleasantries of English social converse they seem to have no taste. But on dining with the *Phi Beta Kappa* Society, after a repast, conducted with the usual absence of witty conversation, the visitor describes his surprise, when, grace having been reverently said, the worthy president rose and introduced the real business of the evening by a speech half Latin, half English, rambling, jocular, and admirably delivered, prefacing the usual toast:

"This was the signal for a series of the most rapid and animated succession of jokes, epigrams, puns, quotations and off-hand speeches, that I had ever heard in any part of the world. There was no formality or restraint. From the one elevated table at which the president and invited guests were seated, and the two long ones, running down the room, containing altogether above two hundred members of the University, a continued fire of sharp-shooting was kept up, the whole connected together by the tact of the chairman into a regular *feu de joie*.

"He must have been a dogged fellow who would not have entered into the spirit of the hour, and freely given his mite to the general contribution. I paid my tax like another—to the best of my ability. But there was no assessment—no forced loan—nothing 'on compulsion.' Nobody was mulcted. But every one threw in his voluntary offering, so many weapons of fun and frolic for the killing of old Time; just as the Roman ladies used to fling their ornaments into a common heap, to raise a fund for the destruction of the common enemy."

This remarkable picture affords a new illustration of American life, which must be taken along with the more obvious features, in order to complete the ideal which is so complex and so difficult to harmonise. The great fact dwelt upon by Mr. Grattan is the enormous influence which the multitude has upon the individual, the tyrannical weight with which public opinion bears upon private action, and the difficulties under which the bravest and most powerful minds have to labour in order to maintain their independence. This vast obstacle affords a sufficient cause, though of course not a moral justification of those acts of insincerity and inconsistency, which have been justly laid to the charge of American politicians. No more flagrant instance of this dishonesty of statesmanship occurs than in the celebrated history of the Maine boundary question, into which Mr. Grattan

fully enters, as having been *pars magna* of the whole controversy. He first describes the *cause* by which the award of the King of the Netherlands was rejected by the Americans. The dispute, as will be remembered, arose as to the meaning intended by the parties to the treaty of Paris in 1783, to be put upon the words "along the highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river." There were two sets of headlands to which this description would apply: England claimed the southern boundary, and the United States the northern. In this state of things the King of the Netherlands, to whom the matter had been submitted for arbitration, cut the Gordian knot, by drawing a line half way between the two disputed lines, and thus disposed of the difficulty by the old rule of "splitting the difference." News of this award was hurried by private hands and a swift steamer through London and Liverpool to the state of Maine, long before the official announcement reached Washington by the regular route. The interval was not wasted by the Maine population, who immediately drew up a protest refusing their consent by anticipation to an award by any foreign potentate whomsoever. This was in 1831. Then followed the survey and report of the British Commissioners sent out by Lord Palmerston. The affair became threatening; and finally Lord Ashburton was despatched to Washington in the year 1842. At that time Mr. Grattan was fulfilling his duties as consul for Massachusetts; and though it is not stated, we gather that his intimate acquaintance with the Maine boundary question, acquired whilst it was being discussed at the Hague, had something to do with his appearance on the scene of action in America. His personal knowledge of the subsequent actors in the transaction gives additional weight to the narrative which follows; and which is one of the most striking parts of this book, as it is in fact the best history of the Maine question that has appeared. He tells us that he had himself searched in vain at Washington for the famous map, with the red line traced upon it by Franklin, at the date of the Treaty of Paris. It was nowhere to be found; and in the absence of authentic evidence the question was settled at last by treaty, in a manner highly favourable to the United States as regards the acquisition of territory, but securing to Great Britain those geographical boundaries which were essential to the safety of the frontier. Not till after the treaty of Washington in 1842 had been signed, was the fact disclosed, that during the whole of the negotiations Mr. Webster had in his possession, and had communicated to the President, Cabinet Commissioners, and Senate, an authentic copy of Dr. Franklin's map at the Treaty of Paris, with the boundary marked upon it precisely as claimed by Great Britain, so that not only was there a suppression of truth on the part of the American government, but the right for which they were so loudly clamouring was known to themselves to be without a shadow of foundation. To this memorable history Mr. Grattan draws attention once more as a "caution" to our diplomatists.

As a contrast to this proceeding, in which, though it was condemned with indignation and shame by Judge Story, Dr. Channing, Mr. Calhoun, and others, a national impress has unfortunately been stamped, Mr.

Grattan's admiration of the character and motives of Henry Clay is expressed in the most eloquent terms:

"Henry Clay was unquestionably the individual, of all those I met with in the United States, who approached the nearest to the character of 'greatness'—the epithet so lavishly and so ludicrously applied to public men in that country. He stood out far before the rest, in an attitude of independent talent, and also of easy consciousness of superiority. His manner charmed and subdued all comers. He evidently knew his power and relied on it, without the necessity of forcing his claims to distinction. There was no assumption of dignity, no haughtiness, no effort. He did not speak a word, nor look one look, for effect. The ordinary manœuvring of eminent men, to gain a position and to maintain it, was foreign to his habits of thought or action. These seemed to move in spontaneous unison. Decision of mind was stamped on every phrase he uttered. Careless, yet commanding and controlling, he neither took you by storm, nor conquered you by sap. He gained you, as if by magic. You subsided, as it were, into the sphere of his attraction, like Göthe's fisherman sinking into the water-nymph's embrace—the flood received and closed over you without a ripple, and you were lulled into almost unconscious subjection."

Then, after a passage descriptive of his personal peculiarities, which will mark his figure and features for ever in the gallery of historical portraiture, the author adds:

"In Clay's whole career everything was large and noble. No reptile littleness could live in the atmosphere he created. The mean subterfuges of public affairs were foreign to his manly method. In debate, in council, even in his very despotism, as the driver rather than the leader of his party, there was something that defied obstruction—an arrogant simplicity, that embodied, as it were, the first principles of political science in all their primitive force. Washington commanded reverence; Franklin inspired respect; Jefferson, Webster, Calhoun extorted wonder, but Henry Clay, take him for all in all, was the noblest specimen of a purely American statesman. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, were but revolted colonists, with minds formed on the institutions of monarchical England. Webster and Calhoun were republicans born and bred. So was Clay, like those his two great rivals. But as he was far their superior in life, he has not left his like—not even his likeness behind him."

Mr. Grattan visits the Southern States, gives a vivid picture of his sensations on breathing the fervid air of those regions, with the taint of slavery nevertheless in every gale; describes the still nights of Virginia, where the dead silence is only broken by the "patrol;" the slave-market of Richmond, which presented no dramatic horrors, but was yet so nauseous as to send him away in all speed from the place; a night-meeting by torch-light of enthusiastic politicians in the North; the inauguration of President Harrison; an ox-roasting at New York, which nearly failed, but was redeemed at the last moment by the tact of Mr. Buchanan; the author's own bashful surprise at being called upon to make a speech as H.B.M.'s consul, and his brilliant success, notwithstanding; O'Connell's manifesto against slavery; the heavy dinner and supper parties of Boston—those true developments of antiquated "Bull"ishness, which the author attempted to improve by elegant innovations in the Parisian style, but in vain; American sectarianism, with the orgies of the "Shaker," and other sects; table-turning and spirit-rapping; art and artists; the stage; Indian population; distinguished visitors, including Sir Charles Bagot with his strange (perhaps affected) ignorance of

the historical associations of Bunker's Hill; and a host of other subjects of the variety, but certainly not of the extent of which our slight enumeration may give some idea. The following anecdote has the merit of illustrating two characters at once—that of the notorious Elder Knapp and the famous singer, Mr. Braham. Mr. Braham had come to hear the Elder preach, and had been handed by the chapel-attendant to a particular bench in front of the orator.

After the discourse:

"Elder Knapp came leisurely down from the pulpit, with a serious face once more, and stopped short in front of Mr. Braham, who had just risen from his hard and uneasy seat, and was preparing to go with the retiring crowd. But the Elder accosted him in a soothing and benignant tone, asking him, quite audibly to the persons around,

"How do you feel, brother?"

"Very well, thank you; but rather warm," was the reply. And after a moment's pause, the colloquy went on.

"I hope the evening's exercises have been agreeable to you."

"Oh, very—but the seat was none o the softest."

"I guess it warn't. How did you feel about the sermon?"

"Well, I was sorry I couldn't see your face."

"Brother, my words were more noticeable—How did you like them?"

"Very much; I thought all that gag about the pork-house capital."

(alluding to part of the Elder's discourse):

"Good evening!"

"Have you nawthin' to say to me, brother?"

"Well, nothing particular. Good evening!"

"Nawthin' particlar! why, how's that! Don't you desire to commune?"

"To commune? O, that's the way you call it—no, thank you—not here, certainly."

"Then what on airth brought you here, brother?"

"Why, to hear you preach to be sure. Good evening!"

"Don't you feel anxious?"

"Anxious! about what? not a bit."

"Then why did you take your seat on the anxious bench?"

"What the deuce is that? I don't know what you mean. Do let me pass, I shall be smothered here. Good evening!"

"And so, turning his persecutor in flank by a dexterous movement, the puzzled vocalist escaped into the crowded aisle and was immediately lost to the astonished Elder. Those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Braham may imagine the kindly and amiable expression of his face and his easy and composed manner during this closing scene of Elder Knapp's burlesque, and his humorous way in relating how he had accidentally occupied the 'anxious bench,' a rough form invariably appropriated to self-accusing sinners, who sought in the confessional relief for their over-burdened consciences."

The result of a perusal of Mr. Grattan's many-sided illustrations of his vast subject gives us an impression on the whole unfavourable to the great question, which is indicated by the title of his book, and in which the welfare of the whole world is so deeply interested. Something perhaps may be due to the regret which an author naturally feels at finding the places occupied in American society by his great contemporaries and associates unworthily filled up; and we must not omit to notice that Mr. Grattan's reflections are often devoted to a state of 'things which has undergone great change since he formed his opinions. Still it is not reassuring to find a prevailing idea that social improvement is not advancing in America, that enlightenment is not spreading, and that

political morals are at a low point, running throughout nearly all the observations of so liberal and withal so genial a critic as Mr. Grattan. One element in his estimate has perhaps been omitted, namely, the gradual and insensible elevation of his own point of view in the improved institutions of the mother country. He concludes with the result, that the philosophy of democracy consists in the truth, "that a medium civilisation is alone feasible for those who are opposed to social inequalities." This work will no doubt scatter many delusions that are prevalent among us, and correct many mistakes, and to those whose hopes of America are likely to be disappointed by its revelations, we can only offer the homely suggestions of time and experience. "Wait, and we shall see."

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered.

By John, Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.C.,
in a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq.,
F.S.A. (Murray.)

We trust that Lord Campbell has never delivered upon the bench a judgment so unsatisfactory as that which he has given upon the "Legal Acquirements of Shakespeare." To speak more correctly, he has pronounced no judgment at all. The case appears to have been laid before him by the well-known Shakesperian commentator, Mr. Payne Collier. He seems to have been called upon to decide from his knowledge of the law, not only whether it was probable that William Shakespeare, from the accurate and profound legal acquirements of which he gives evidence throughout his plays and poems, had been engaged in a lawyer's office at Stratford (or elsewhere) for a term of years before making his appearance as actor, and subsequently as dramatic author in London, but whether it were not impossible that such acquirements should have been obtained by any man without having served for a period of time in such a capacity. The subject is one of much interest, as every question connected with the probable or possible history of the greatest genius of all time must be to all Englishmen. After sifting all the bearings of the case connected with the curious and profound knowledge of the law and legal technicalities, so profusely scattered by the poet throughout his plays and poems; after exercising both critical and legal acumen in his reasoning upon these various passages; after summing up all the evidence in a manner in every-way favourable to the cause of the plaintiff, Mr. Payne Collier, he suddenly in the few last pages of his book goes over into arguments on the other side of the question, and finally, in a tone of apology, which has a smack of the mocking laugh of irony, he lays before his correspondent and his readers his conclusions on the vexed question, which amount to little more than the well-known answer of the showman, "You pays your money, my little dears, and you takes your choice."

For this result Lord Campbell somewhat prepares us, it is true. He tells us at the commencement of his letter (p. 11), "Were an issue tried before me as Chief Justice at the Warwick assizes, whether William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, ever was clerk in an attorney's office in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, I should hold that there is evidence to go to the jury in support of the affirmative; but I should add that the evidence is very far from

being conclusive, and I should tell the twelve gentlemen in the box that it is a case entirely for their decision, without venturing even to hint to them for their guidance any opinion of my own. Should they unanimously agree in a verdict either in the affirmative or negative, I do not think that the court, sitting *in banco*, could properly set it aside and grant a new trial." To this he adds with a spice of humour, "but the probability is (particularly if the trial were by a special jury of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries) that, after they had been some hours in deliberation, I should receive a message from them—'there is no chance of our agreeing, and therefore we wish to be discharged.'" In spite of this preparation for the inconclusive and unsatisfactory result at which Lord Campbell arrives, we cannot but feel much disappointment and some degree of irritation when we finally come upon it.

But we maintain that we have more legitimate reasons for vexation and disappointment. We are induced to believe that reference has been made to Lord Campbell as one "learned in the law" to deliver an opinion *as counsel*. It does not appear to us that he has been at all called upon to put on his ermine, sit on the bench, and do nothing more than sum up the evidence upon which a jury of the public is to deliver a verdict. He himself speaks of Mr. Payne Collier (p. 117), as having applied to him for the purpose of "taking the opinion of counsel on this knotty point:" and he admits that such opinion as he gives, which is no opinion at all, or rather a tolerably equally balanced opinion in favour of both sides of the question, is "worthy of Serjeant Eitherside." As far as his Lordship's opinions are concerned, we can but do, what he surmises that Mr. Payne Collier will, namely "not only exclaim 'I am no wiser than I was,' but shaking" our "head, like old Demipho in 'Terence,' after being present at a consultation of lawyers on the validity of his son's marriage," "sigh and say, *Incertior sum multo quam dudum*."

We are all the more disappointed, as Lord Campbell throughout all the greater part of his letter heaps argument upon argument in favour of Mr. Payne Collier's proposition, that Shakespeare had been at some time of his life in a legal capacity, and was probably a clerk in a lawyer's office at Stratford. He leads us on from possibility to probability, from probability to seeming proof. He argues in favour of an excellent scholastic education, and of opportunities for the finest mental culture. He repudiates stoutly the theory connected with Shakespeare's uncultured state in youth, and apprenticeship to any lower kind of handicraft. He points out that "a court of record" existed at Stratford, "to which were attached, besides the town-clerk, six attorneys, some of whom must have practised in the Queen's Bench and in Chancery, and have had extensive business in conveying." He adds (p. 21), "If Shakespeare had been a clerk to one of these attorneys, all that followed while he remained at Stratford, and the knowledge and acquirements which he displayed when he came to London, would not only have been within the bounds of possibility, but would seem almost effect from cause, in a natural and probable sequence." "It would be the solution of Shakespeare's legalism, which has so perplexed his biographers and commentators," he adds a little further (p. 22). "Great as is the knowledge of law which Shakespeare's

writings display, and familiar as he appears to have been with all its forms and proceedings, the whole of this would easily be accounted for, if for some years he had occupied a desk in the office of a country attorney in good business, attending sessions and assizes, keeping leets and law days, and perhaps being sent up to the metropolis in term time to conduct suits before the Lord Chancellor, or the superior courts of common law at Westminster, according to the ancient practice of country attorneys, who would not employ a London agent to divide their fees."

Upon all these points the learned Chief Justice argues in support of Mr. Payne Collier's theory, with a seeming conviction in his own mind of its truth, which gradually brings conviction to the mind of the reader. He animates himself in pleading the cause, as were the cause his own. He places before us evidence, which appears irrefragable, in the opinion of Shakespeare's contemporaries, that he had been educated for the law, as deduced from the famous libel of Nash, supported by Shakespeare's rival Greene. The fact (*i.e.* that Shakespeare had been bred to the profession of the law in an attorney's office) he concludes (p. 32), "was asserted publicly in Shakespeare's lifetime by two contemporaries of Shakespeare, who were engaged in the same pursuits with himself, who must have known him well, and who were probably acquainted with the whole of his career." With such zeal is every argument enforced, with such acumen is every tittle of evidence put forward to the best advantage, with such apparent conviction is every point of proof urged, that no reader (not accustomed to forensic eloquence, employed with equal advantage on one or the other side of the case, and not prepared for the delusions of forensic genuineness of conviction) would be otherwise than stunned by the repeated blows with which he is afterwards to be knocked down by the same able pleader from the eminence of authentic fact and established proof, to which he thinks he has attained.

We begin by being startled by the warning of Lord Campbell (p. 110) that he himself remains after all "rather sceptical," and his declaration to Mr. Payne Collier, that thus far he can go and no further. "All that I can admit to you," he says, "is that you may be right, and that while there is weighty evidence for you, there is nothing conclusive against." Still we are not prepared for the equal zeal employed by the counsel (when he gets on the other side) not only to accumulate evidence of a contrary tendency, but to refute by the most specious reasoning the arguments he had before so strenuously supported. He shows the improbabilities that Nash's libel proved the fact of Shakespeare having ever been in a legal capacity, as powerfully as he previously enforced the necessity of its being accepted as proof. He argues that there were very many other sources, from which Shakespeare might naturally have derived his legal knowledge beyond his wonderful intuition of all things; and he leaves us at last with the disagreeable impression (alluded to above) that, to use a mild expression, Mr. Payne Collier, the public, and ourselves, have been "made game of."

It is in the enumeration of the many passages to be found in Shakespeare's writings, which, by internal evidence, corroborate Mr. Payne Collier's theory, and the explanatory remarks which a great

lawyer has written upon them, that the most valuable, because least disappointing portion of the book may be found. As the notes of a legal commentator on the plays of Shakespeare, all Lord Campbell's notices of the passages in which legal knowledge is so very prominent are most interesting and valuable, not only in a critical, but an archaeological point of view. There is not one of these passages, and indeed not one of Lord Campbell's remarks upon them, that does not speak greatly in favour of the theory that Shakespeare must have been bound to the law at one period of his life; and in this respect one of the most curious extracts is that of the scene between the two grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, which Lord Campbell considers to have been intended by Shakespeare as a parody of the "celebrated case of Hales v. Petit, tried in the reign of Philip and Mary," when the estate of Sir James Hales was considered forfeited to the Crown by his suicide, and Dame Margaret Hales brought an action to recover it from the man on whom it had been bestowed by the Crown. The case, and the arguments held on both sides at the trial, are given in full to prove that the parody is evidently intended, and that Shakespeare must have studied "Plowden's Report." Most curious also is the evidence of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of abstruse legal technicalities in "*Hamlet's* own speech on taking in his hands what he supposed might be the skull of a lawyer." It "abounds" says Lord Campbell, "in lawyer-like thoughts and words." "The terms of art are all used seemingly with a full knowledge of their import; and it would puzzle some practising barristers, with whom I am acquainted, to go over the whole *seriatim*, and to define each of them satisfactorily." But it is from one of Shakespeare's sonnets that Lord Campbell derives his strongest proof of the poet's "Legal Acquirements"—Sonnet xlvii. beginning "Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war." "It is so intensely legal," he says (p. 102), "in its language and imagery, that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood." It "smells as potently of the attorney's office," he continues after some explanatory remarks, "as any of the stanzas penned by Lord Kenyon while an attorney's clerk in Wales." "While novelists and dramatists," he truly remarks (p. 108), "are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error." In all his valuable comments upon the "Legal Acquirements" of Shakespeare (when we do look for an opinion on one side or the other of a disputed theory) Lord Campbell in his little book may be said to have fully earned even more than what he disclaims in his preface, "the glory of placing a stone on the lofty cairn of our immortal bard."

Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints.
Illustrated in a series of Discourses from the Colossians. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D.,
Author of "Pleas for Ragged Schools,"
&c. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

THE general complaint of the decay of eloquence in modern times applies with peculiar force to the pulpit. And it is more felt here because this is precisely the direction in which there are fewest reasons to account for the decline. Parliamentary

eloquence is not what it used to be because the conditions and objects of parliamentary warfare are changed. A century ago, when party feeling ran high and the great questions of home and foreign policy were ill understood by the majority of members on either side of the House, party passion could be successfully appealed to and the fate of a division often depended on the eloquence of rival chiefs. Now when every member of parliament knows as much about most questions as the Prime Minister himself, success depends not upon eloquence but skill. In these days he is the successful statesman who best interprets the national will, and provides for it at the right moment the happiest legislative expression. The oratory of the bar depends very much on accidental causes for its development, and can for the most part only flourish in seasons of political disturbance and state prosecutions. But pulpit eloquence is independent of all such causes of fluctuation and decay. The topics it has to deal with are always equally important, necessary, and impressive. Time does not diminish the force or urgency of its appeal. Men always need to be reminded of higher springs of action and nobler objects of pursuit than those of worldly success or social distinction. This is peculiarly the case in a busy commercial age like our own. The necessity for pulpit eloquence of a high and stirring kind thus exists as strongly as ever. Nor has the taste for it declined. If any clergyman acquires a reputation for effective preaching his church is sure to be crowded. Yet how few such are to be found, how very few are there in the metropolis or throughout the country the force of whose eloquence would command an audience. The dullness of sermons, always proverbial, has of late years become distressingly real, so much so that a clever contemporary of our own which has gracefully elected itself the champion of stupidity, recently devoted an elaborate article to the defence of dull sermons. The chief exceptions to the general prosiness of modern preaching are to be found in two very opposite directions: in the ascetic and refined discourses of the more eloquent among the leaders of the High Church party on the one hand, and in the coarse and familiar rhetoric of certain popular dissenting ministers on the other. The Bishop of Oxford represents the former and Mr. Spurgeon the latter. Whatever may be the intrinsic merits of these opposite styles they have succeeded in attracting general attention, which is the first condition of effective speaking. Neither of them, however fulfils the second condition of true eloquence, that of interesting all classes of hearers. The Bishop of Oxford's eloquence is too subtle and subdued to be appreciated by the mass, while Mr. Spurgeon's is too gross and colloquial for the educated and refined. In any large gathering of average Englishmen there would be many whom the Bishop of Oxford would fail to interest and not a few that Mr. Spurgeon would be sure to offend.

Across the border a style of preaching has sprung up that is in its main characteristics intermediate between the two extreme English types we have referred to. The most popular preachers in Scotland are Mr. Caird and Dr. Guthrie, the former belonging to the Established and the latter to the Free Church. Of the two Mr. Caird approaches nearer to the Bishop of Oxford, as his sermons contain a much greater amount of reflection and moral analysis than those of Dr. Guthrie. But both deal with

religion as a life rather than as a doctrine, both appeal to the heart through the imagination in the most striking and direct manner, and both have certain qualities of thought and style as well as certain gifts of speech which justly entitle them to be considered eloquent. Dr. Guthrie's sermons are in the highest degree pictorial and direct, and the volume before us abounds with admirable illustrations of his peculiar power. His wealth of fancy and facility of description are indeed rather a snare in his path, so that the thought is sometimes weakened and obscured if not actually overwhelmed by the number and variety of illustrations which follow each other in rapid and brilliant succession. But if somewhat exposed to criticism on this ground they are nevertheless fine specimens of pulpit oratory, fulfilling in a high degree the essential conditions of effectual preaching. A good sermon ought to be simple, graphic, and earnest, appealing at once to the intellect, the imagination, and the heart. Genuine pulpit eloquence thus involves a happy union of plain thought, vivid fancy, and deep feeling. The message of the preacher should be like the truth he represents, a living and harmonious appeal to man's entire nature. Instead of this the majority of sermons are at best only fragmentary appeals to particular feelings or faculties. If they rise above the dull homily level which has no character at all, they are either essays or descriptions, pictures or prayers. They are dry arguments, commonplace descriptions, or pious utterances. The normal type of Scotch preaching belongs to the first of these classes. North of the Tweed a sermon is generally a logical exposition or discussion of some doctrinal point, the section of a theological system, the preacher's appeal being almost exclusively to the intellect. Dr. Guthrie has certainly avoided the prevalent error of his countrymen in this respect. Nothing could well be more opposed to the uninteresting discussion of abstract questions than his graphic, impetuous, and life-like discourses. Instead of reasoning or debating he simply states, illustrates, and appeals. The volume does not contain a single theological discussion. The preacher evidently has doctrinal views of a decided kind, but they are latent rather than manifest, being rarely or never stated in anything like a direct or detailed form. The sermons are chiefly remarkable for their pictorial power and practical bearing. They are, as we have said, vivid and direct appeals to the imagination and the heart; that to the former however being often the more powerful of the two. The illustrations which form such a marked feature of the sermons are derived from all sources, from history, poetry, and science, from a large area of miscellaneous reading as well as from personal observation and experience. In the first sermon, for example, to enforce the truth that men must be made fit for heaven as the condition of enjoying it, the preacher says:

"I knew a man who had amassed great wealth; but had no children to inherit it. He lost the opportunity, which one would think good men would more frequently embrace, of leaving Christ his heir, and bequeathing to the cause of religion what he could not carry away. Smitten, however, with the vain and strange propensity to found a house, or make a family, as it is called, he left his riches to a distant relative. His successor found himself suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, and thrown into a position which he had not been trained to fill. He was cast into the society of

those to whose tastes, and habits, and accomplishments he was an utter and an awkward stranger. Did many envy this child of fortune? They might have spared their envy. Left in his original obscurity he had been a happy peasant, whistling his way home from the plough to a thatched-roofed cottage, or on winter nights, and around the blazing faggots, laughing loud and merry among unpolished bores. Child of misfortune! he buried his happiness in the grave of his benefactor. Neither qualified by nature, nor fitted by education, for his position, he was separated from his old, only to be despised by his new associates. And how bitterly was he disappointed to find that, in exchanging poverty for opulence, daily toil for luxurious indolence, humble friends for more distinguished companions, a hard bed for one of down, this turn in his fortunes had flung him on a couch, not of roses, but of thorns! In his case the hopes of the living and the intentions of the dead were alike frustrated. The prize had proved a blank; a necessary result of this fatal oversight, that the heir had not been made meet for the inheritance."

The same sermon is concluded by a beautifully worded illustration from natural history, the first sentence of which reminds us of Jeremy Taylor:

"Ere autumn has tinted the woodlands, or the cornfields are falling to the reaper's song, or hoary hill-tops, like grey hairs on an aged head, give warning of winter's approach, I have seen the swallow's brood pruning their feathers, and putting their long wings to the proof; and, though they might return to their nests in the window-eaves, or alight again on the house-tops, they darted away in the direction of sunny lands. Thus they showed that they were birds bound for a foreign clime, and that the period of their migration from the scene of their birth was nigh at hand. Grace also has its prognostics. They are infallible as those of nature. So, when the soul, filled with longings to be gone, is often darting away to glory, and, soaring upward, rises on the wings of faith, till this great world, from her sublime elevation, looks a little thing, God's people know that they have the earnest of the Spirit. These are the pledges of heaven,—a sure sign that their 'redemption draweth nigh.' Such devout feelings afford the most blessed evidence that, with Christ by the helm, and 'the wind,' that 'bloweth where it listeth,' in our swelling sails, we are drawing nigh to the land that is afar off; even as the reeds, and leaves, and fruits that float upon the briny waves, as the birds of strange and gorgeous plumage that fly round his ship and alight upon its yards, as the sweet-scented odours which the wind wafts out to sea, assure the weary mariner that, ere long, he shall drop his anchor and end his voyage in the desired haven."

Dr. Guthrie's illustrations are warm as well as brilliant. The danger of such a style is that the illustration sometimes strikes more forcibly, and leaves a far more permanent impression than the truth illustrated. The over-indulgence in it, too, must tend insensibly to beget a habit of mind that regards the form more than the matter, the rich and delicate clothing rather than the doctrine and precepts to be clothed. Almost any truth will do equally well as a vehicle for the outpouring of brilliant ornament, of rich and varied imagery. Almost any truism or platitude may give occasion for the display of a well-stored memory and an active fancy. We find accordingly in Dr. Guthrie's sermons that the most trivial truths often have the same prominence assigned them as the most important. We have for instances pages of brilliant writing to illustrate the familiar fact that great works are often accomplished by small agents:

"Sometimes God accomplishes the mightiest ends by the feeblest instruments. He hath made the foolish things of the world to confound the

danced in joy over the corn, and played and sung among the leaves, now sweeps in howling blast wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and out of the mouth of babes and sucklings ordained strength.

"For example, many of the lovely islands of the Pacific are formed entirely of coral; while others are protected from the violence of the waves by a circular rampart of the same material. Founded in the depths of ocean, this coral wall rises to the surface, where it indicates its presence by a long white line of breakers. The giant rollers that come in from the sea, and threaten with their foaming crests to sweep that island from its base, spend their strength, and dash their waters into snowy foam against this protection-wall. And thus, as within a charmed circle, while all without is a tumbling ocean, the narrow strip of water that lies between this bulwark and the shore is calm as peace, reflecting as a liquid mirror the boats that sleep upon its surface, and the stately palms that fringe the beach. These stupendous breakwaters, that so greatly surpass in stability and strength any which our art and science have erected, are the work of what? That God who employed the hornet to drive the Amorite out of Canaan, has constructed them by means as insignificant. They are the masonry of an insect; an insect so small, that the human eye can hardly detect it, and so feeble that an infant's finger could crush it. They are built by the coral worm. And I have been told by those who have seen these emerald isles, set within their silver border, like gems on the ocean's bosom, that the contrast is most surprising, between the greatness of the work and the littleness of the worker.

"Turning from the Book of Nature, let me now take an illustration from the Book of Revelation. Look upon this picture of desolation wrought on the land of Israel. A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations. A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array. Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble; the sun and the moon shall be dark; and the stars shall withdraw their shining; and the Lord shall utter his voice before his army: for his camp is very great."

"In answer to the cry of innocent blood, and to crush a horrible rebellion, we covered the sea with sails, and, summoning our soldiers from distant colonies with great preparation, and after gigantic efforts, we poured them from crowded ships on the shores of a revolted land. But whence did God bring that mighty army, described by the prophet in such vivid colours? Came they from heaven? Were its portals flung open, that troops of embattled angels might rush forth to avenge his cause? Or did He summon the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, to pour their armed hosts on a doomed, devoted, guilty land? No. The earth quaked, but not beneath the tread of armies. The sun, moon, and stars were darkened, but not by a cloud of angel wings. God summoned only the locust from its native marshes, and bade the brood of worms carry desolation into the land. It was summer yesterday. The fields waved with corn, the orchards were white with almond blossoms, the clustering vines embraced the hills, and the forests were clad in a broad mantle of living green. The locust comes, and it is winter. The flowers are gone, and fields are bare, and leafless trees, as if imploring pity, lift their naked arms to heaven; and, bearing on it the wail of famine,

the wind, that yesterday breathed perfumes, and over utter devastation. The locust has executed his commission. It has done God's work; and in that work of divine judgment we see again a remarkable contrast between the greatness of the action and the littleness of the agent."

The exemplifications, as in many other cases, are only too good. Apart from this central defect we need scarcely add that the volume is one of rare merit, that Dr. Guthrie's sermons are almost as interesting as the majority of pulpit discourses are dull.

Life and Books; or, Records of Thought and Reading. By J. F. Boyes. (Bell & Daldy.)

MR. BOYES has done a nervous thing for any one unendowed with an obtuseness which, we are sure, is by no means among his attributes. He has come before the public in the character of a wise man. To a certain extent, indeed, this is the case with every author, since it is hardly conceivable that any one would attempt to address his readers on a subject with which he considered himself no better acquainted than themselves. Generally, however, the magisterial air is disguised by narrative, argument, or a tone of easy conversation. Mr. Boyes has not chosen to work his good things into an essay, or utter them under the masks of imaginary interlocutors. He places himself in direct personal relation with his public, each thought stands apart in the solitary dignity of an independent aphorism, and the effect is as though we listened to a preceptor or a preacher. One advantage attends this method—the writer can hardly impose upon the reader. More elaborate writers are accustomed to disguise poverty of thought beneath affluence of verbiage, and parade bedizened commonplaces for original truths. Not so, Mr. Boyes, whose style is modest and unadorned, whose briefly enunciated thought dazzles with no brilliance, true or false, but must commend itself, if at all, by mere justness and unambitious good sense. The author is a wise man, or he is nothing. Did we not consider that Mr. Boyes had fairly made good his claim to the appellation of sage, we should not have cared to review his book. Readers need not now to be put upon their guard against mere undisguised inanity; its day has gone by. Commonplace must at least be Tupperised to be acceptable. No preacher or teacher now finds an audience unless he has either sense or a passable imitation thereof.

The common sense of mankind has long since determined upon the requisites of an aphorism. It must be condensed, but brevity of expression must not limit the pregnancy, nor must this in its turn complicate the unity of thought. Like Wordsworth's rill, it should "strike a solitary sound," but this must be a clear, piercing ring of distinct melody. The best aphorisms engrave themselves on the memory, and propagate themselves from mouth to mouth by their weight, as thistle-downs by the contrary quality. When this happens, they are called proverbs; the opposite of good aphorisms are known as proverbial philosophies. Mr. Boyes's remarks may not attain the apotheosis of universal quotation and circulation, but very many are sufficiently wise and deep to be not only read with pleasure, but remembered with advantage. We had marked some passages for extract, but are obliged to forbear. The reader, however, will derive more pleasure by perusing them in the book itself.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford, and the comfort of the evening is materially promoted by the absence of visitors.

THE EDITOR.

The other great Council of the nation has been convened, and we shall henceforth mutually assist each other's deliberations. Who heard the Queen's speech?

THE MANDARIN.

Having to convoy a few acres of crinoline into the House, I managed to find a corner for myself. The Queen was looking exceedingly well, and for your further information I may state that Her Majesty was pleased to be laughing in the most affable manner as she came away.

MR. STOKES.

A long speech, surveying mankind from China to Peru.

MR. TEMPLE.

From China to Mexico, at all events. I propose to read the speech to you.

THE MANDARIN.

I object to anything of the kind, having heard the Queen read it, and you won't mend her elocution, Barrister, I can tell you.

THE BARONET.

The heads of the speech will do. Lord Derby begins by being happy to think that all is going on well at home. He says that pauperism and crime have diminished, and that a spirit of general contentment prevails.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I am not contented, and I have no intention of being so. That is my protest. Go on.

THE BARONET.

Then about India. The soldiers have been valiant; the rebels have been chastised; the Queen has been proclaimed. Clemency is, henceforth, to be the principle on which the natives are to be dealt with.

THE COLONEL.

We shall never exactly know the amount of slaughter among the rebels; but the oath that there should be a life taken for every hair on the head of the English women and children they murdered, has been, I imagine, as nearly fulfilled as ever was a menace since the days of Gomorrah. And when the Nana has been blown from a gun, the chastisement may well cease.

THE BARONET.

First catch your Nana. Well, Lord Derby comes back from Asia, and refers to Foreign Powers. They all assure him of their friendliness, and he assures such of them as need the hint that treaties must be kept inviolate.

MR. STOKES.

And therefore down go French funds by two falls, and our own market closes flat.

THE PROFESSOR.

Nevertheless, treaties must be kept inviolate.

THE COLONEL.

Including treaties which affect septinsular republicans, who are not mentioned in the speech, but to whom Lord High Gladstone has been making a speech of his own, informing them that their proceedings are unconstitutional. However, Storks will talk to them a little more plainly.

THE BARONET.

The Danubian Principalities are making themselves a government. This, one would say, is the only visible result of the war. The treaty of commerce with Russia we might have had without war. As for the Danube, it is neither free nor navigable yet, though it is two years since the peace guns woke my children out of their first slor.

THE COLONEL.

Rely upon it, my dear Baronet, that Nicholas's crossing the Pruth saved India to the Queen. We were roused up from a long stagnation, and put through a stern apprenticeship to the trade of war, without which we should have blundered over India as we blundered over the Crimea. If Russia had her eye on India, never was there a more signal mistake in the policy. She taught us how to hold our own.

THE PROFESSOR.

That I believe to be true, and so Lord Derby is justified in alluding to the Russian war in no stronger phrase than that "unfortunate interruption."

THE BARONET.

Then, back we go to China again, and are happy in a treaty with that "densely-peopled" empire—a neat phrase; I suppose of colonial office suggestion. I wonder there was no classical allusion to a new series of Elgin marbles from the far orient.

MR. DROOPER.

I see no sense in finding fault with every attempt to write gracefully.

MR. TEMPLE.

Have critics been hard upon you for that fault?

THE PROFESSOR.

Come, come, "a Queen's face should bring grace," as some compassionate king or other said. Let general contentment prevail here, as elsewhere, and no sparring.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I am not contented, and I have no intention of being so.

THE BARONET.

Next we come to the happy land where the young ladies wait upon the wearied traveller, lave his feet, mingle him drinks, fan him cool, and sing him to repose. We have a treaty with Japan.

THE MANDARIN.

I hope she will send us an ambassadress and lady suite. They would look pleasingly in an opera box.

THE PROFESSOR.

You will see King Souloque there one of these nights, if his ex-subjects don't happen to catch him and saw him in two, as does not seem improbable.

THE BARONET.

We may look for white kings as well as black ones in the boxes if this war breaks out and lasts. And what do you make of the Ministerial declarations? Lord Derby spoke—admirably, as he always does—but what did he say? That England had no separate interests to subserve, no revenge to gratify, no ambition to pander to, and, above all, no secret engagements with any power whatever.

THE PROFESSOR.

Is there another European power that can say as much?

THE BARONET.

If not, and one need not say that the words were carefully selected, and bear special meaning, they do not read like a message of peace. However, Lord Derby, in his own speech I mean, said that he knew of no question between any powers which is not to be reached by ordinary diplomacy.

THE PROFESSOR.

While, in the Commons, Mr. Disraeli was stating that the condition of affairs was "critical," but that he does not despair of keeping the peace. No wonder the funds felt uncomfortable. As for the praises of the French Emperor, they were poured in on all sides in a way that reminded one of the warning praises which parents and friends shout out to an incensed child who gives signs of being about to smash a window. "O, I'm sure Johnny is far too good a boy to do such a thing." "Don't you remember how good Johnny was this morning!—well, he is going to be so again." "We whip bad, naughty boys, but Johnny is such a

good boy, he'll never want whipping." Let us hope the window is not to be smashed.

THE MANDARIN.

The "emigration" of negroes business is, you hear, to be put an end to by the Emperor.

THE BARONET.

All very well in its way, though I don't see how this shows that France had law and justice on her side in the *Charles et Georges* case; but we must have the papers. Ministers say that they did everything that Portugal could expect.

MR. DROOPER.

Old days come back, if Englishmen are to quarrel over the names Charles and George.

THE MANDARIN.

The only bellicose bit in the whole Speech is the intimation that the Mexicans are to be taught manners.

MR. STOKES.

What will the Americans say to our interfering with the inhabitants of the New World?

THE PROFESSOR.

I see by the New York papers that female influence—English female influence—is thought to have a great deal too much sway over "our lady-like old President, Mr. Buchanan." Lady Gore Ouseley is declared to rule him, so, in revenge, she is called homely-looking.

THE BARONET.

I saw those amiable remarks; but they carried no great weight, for they were evidently written by a spiteful woman, who, moreover, complimented Mr. Douglas upon yielding to his wife's lead, and not getting drunk so often as he used to do, or associating quite so much with low people. That sort of political writing does not convince one of anything except the fact, that if the papers that contain it prosper, there must be a great many blackguards in the States. But we now come to the most important thing in the Speech.

THE COLONEL.

Your navy is good for nothing, and must be entirely reconstructed.

THE BARONET.

That may be considered about as grave a notification as has lately been given by any sovereign. I don't know whether the country has had time to comprehend it, or is stunned by the disclosure. But it is a startling announcement.

THE PROFESSOR.

"The kettle began it." Steam has done it all.

THE BARONET.

Lord Derby is sure that the country will cheerfully vote whatever money is wanted. I suppose a trifle of some millions will call out this cheerfulness.

THE COLONEL.

The thing must be done, cost what it may, and it ought to be done as never armament was prepared before.

THE BARONET.

A new Admiral has just been created, who may take an interest in the question. High Admiral Napoleon, husband of the Princess Clotilda.

MR. STOKES.

The money will be voted fast enough—what are a few millions to England? Besides, you have made it an absolute necessity, by announcing to Europe that your navy is ineffective. The new keels ought to be laying at this moment.

MR. TEMPLE.

The clatter of the shipwrights' hammers will not be audible at Westminster; and I am glad to see that something like legal reforms are designed. The amendment of the bankruptcy and insolvency laws is mentioned.

MR. STOKES.

Is the vexed question to be solved whether bankruptcy is to be a public or a private thing? There's a good deal to be said on both sides, but

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I am for publicity, even at the risk of creditors occasionally losing everything because they do not choose to proclaim that they have lost anything.

MR. TEMPLE.

Private arrangements might be desirably promoted; but it appears to me that English laws can breathe only in an atmosphere of publicity. If you call in the law you must call in the reporter.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

And now we come to the black disgrace of my Lord Derby's speech. Not an allusion to my oppressed, trampled, noble country, until you arrive at the mention of the criminal law, and then the name of Ireland, where crime is all but unknown, is coupled with that of your demoralised and guilty territory, and we are informed that there is to be a classification of the statutes relating to crimes and offences "in England and Ireland." What means that invidious and slanderous insinuation? Why was the name of Ireland bottled up in cold malice until a deadly and venomous insult could be launched at her? Did I not tell you that I am not contented, nor mean to be?

MR. TEMPLE.

But surely—

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Sir, it is only one stone more to the mighty heap—one more crime against the martyr among nations.

THE BARONET.

The laws of conspiracy and treason, O'Donnegan, may as well be revised. Lord Eglintoun has got a good many Irish patriots under lock and key, I think.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

The base tyrant, that rode at a tournament, like Front de Beuf, but had his lances sawed half through that they mightn't hurt the cowardly Saxons.

THE PROFESSOR.

I think there were wise saws for those modern instances of chivalry.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

And as for those unfortunate youths who have got into the clutch of tyranny, those aspiring Emmets—

THE PROFESSOR.

These Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!

THE O'DONNEGAN.

That speech of my Lord Derby's would justify Ireland in rising as one man, and hurling her oppressors into the Atlantic Ocean. Pass that claret.

THE BARONET.

I am also glad to see the promise of a bill for giving English landowners the same advantage the Irish ones have, who bought under the Incumbered Estates Act. The means of securing a title is much wanted.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Meanly jealous: even of that small privilege granted to bleeding Ireland. Can you not leave her the little benefit she may derive from being able to offer a better title to her emerald sod than you can invent for your dirty acres?

THE PROFESSOR.

And now for the great question—Reform. The words of the speech are of course guarded enough; and what is meant by giving the subject "a degree" of attention, I know not. But, without trifling over phrases, what's going to be done?

THE BARONET.

Mr. Disraeli informed Lord Palmerston that if he expected such a matter as Reform to be brought on until the great business of the country was in train, he would be disappointed. The tone of the answer, in this respect, did not seem to me calculated to increase the popular faith in the

bill or its framers. Lord John said, neatly enough, that they might be very good reformers, just as the man who never tried *might* play the fiddle as well as anybody else.

THE PROFESSOR.

If it be understood that the bill is to be postponed until Easter, you'll have a hostile motion, and this may be carried.

THE MANDARIN.

The Ultra-Liberals give out that the days of the Cabinet are numbered, but, as we have seen, threatened men live long.

THE EDITOR.

Well, so much for the Speech which had been so eagerly expected. I fancy that a few days will pretty nearly suffice to show how the winds are going to blow. The questions that are coming up are too important to be long in doubt.

THE PROFESSOR.

If the Reform question can be postponed for a certain time, and the Italian question should assume its gravest form, folks may say what they like about our minding our own business, but the faces of the people will be turned from Westminster to Turin. I myself could not do a sum while a couple of men were fighting in the street below.

THE EDITOR.

Then the Emperor Napoleon has it, you think, in his power to repay to the English aristocracy whatever kindness they have shown him. A war move of his will preserve, for another year, all their boroughs?

MR. STOKES.

The Reformers declare to the contrary effect, and say that while a neighbour's house is in flames, we ought to sit quiet and go into our accounts.

MR. DROOPER.

If you are quite sure your own fire-escape is fixed, and your insurance paid up, I don't know why you should not, supposing you have determined to be of no use to your neighbour.

THE BARONET.

All very well, but human nature won't stand it. However, wait a fortnight or so, and you'll see. Do you observe that one nobleman has given in his adhesion to Mr. Bright?

MR. DROOPER.

Do you mean Mr. Punch's Viscount?

THE BARONET.

No, a real lord. The Earl of Durham writes from Lambton Castle to state that he is for the ballot, representation of population, and so forth.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

And I see that another of your lords—one whom you sent to delude the unhappy Irishmen with elegant and sentimental discourse—my Lord Carlisle, declares that the reform you chiefly want is reform from your vile and drunken habits, and I believe 'tis the case, and that you are a disgracefully tipsy country. I'll trouble the Professor for the bottle, out of which, you all remark, he takes a backhander, in his Saxon haste to bewilder himself the sooner.

THE BARONET.

There is a great deal of drunkenness among us; and it is curious to notice that when it leads to other crime people are puzzled whether to treat it as an extenuation or as an aggravation of the offence. In private life, "Oh, but he's drunk," is held to absolve an annoyed person from the duty of taking notice of the annoyance; and yet a magistrate preaches that the wrong is increased by the debauchery.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

An Irishman knows very little on the subject; but, speaking theoretically, I'd double the

punishment for the disgrace the fellow brings upon the good drink, which, as I reminded the parson last week, was sent for our comfort.

MR. TEMPLE.

Lord Carlisle has, of course, no idea of interfering with anything beside beer-shops.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

To that I have no objection, as I never touch the stupefying beverage of the English clown.

MR. DROOPER.

I see that Lord Campbell has been writing to show that William Shakspeare's legal acquirements were of a high order. But the proofs his lordship advances are not very convincing. Moreover, illustrations drawn from the law are curiously common in the old plays. I suppose the unfortunate dramatists of those days were a good deal brought into contact with the children of old father Antic.

THE PROFESSOR.

I don't think it would be difficult to make out a much stronger case in proof that Shakspeare had been a student of medicine. If you merely go in for quotations, you will find in his works a series of far more elaborated images derived from physic and surgery than from law. But he knew everything.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

He knew nothing about the finest country in the world, and what he invented about its children is impertinence.

THE BARONET.

Some of his friends and patrons knew a good deal about Ireland, if that's the place you mean.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

And what other place would I mean? Pity his friends didn't teach him better what was due to it.

THE EDITOR.

I am heartily glad to see, in an able paper in the new number of the *Quarterly*, on Mr. Dyce's Shakspeare, a cordial tribute to the services Mr. Charles Knight has done in familiarising the people with the works of the poet. It is truly said by the reviewer, that Mr. Knight has done more than all the editors together to make Shakspeare known to Englishmen.

THE PROFESSOR.

Mr. Knight has been for so many years doing good work, that he is in the position of his friend Lord Brougham, and there is danger of our forgetting a dozen achievements on any one of which a reputation might be based. His History of England is a thing to make a man famous, but by how many noble works has it been preceded!

THE BARONET.

I suppose it to be the critic's duty to take care of the reputation of a writer who is too much intent upon doing his work to be (as the manner of some is) clamorous to the world to come and admire him.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

(Without the slightest previous intimation of his intention, or inquiring whether his contribution would be acceptable, bursts into song:—)

"Sure, Misher Macdermot, ye live like a hermit,
Why wont you come out, sir, and join in the dance,
It's quite inconsistent, Priest Murphy would term it,
For you to be shy of a pretty girl's glance.
There's golden-haired Nora, and white-shouldered Cora,
And laughing Honora, and merry Kathleen,
Not to mention—"

[Here, for no evident reason, the vocalist bursts into tears, and soon afterwards goes to sleep. The Council, rather gratified than not at these incidents, proceeds in its deliberations and with its libations, but is grievously disturbed in the course of an hour or less by the Celtic denouncer of Saxon intemperance starting up, and delivering a series of yells, which he affirms to be faithful imitations of the cry of the Banshee. An early adjournment.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Queen inaugurated the public opening of the Wellington College on Saturday. The ceremonial was interesting, and in the course of it an address was presented to Her Majesty, written it is said, by the Earl of Derby, to which the following gracious reply was returned:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address, and for your congratulations on an event for which, if anything had been wanting to complete my joy and gratitude, it would have been found in the spontaneous expression which has been elicited of the sympathy and affection of my people.

"It gives me sincere pleasure to inaugurate the formal opening of this admirable institution, of which I was glad on a former occasion, at your request, to lay the foundation stone.

"From that time to this I have watched its progress with unceasing satisfaction. I have seen how difficulties inseparable from such an undertaking have been gradually overcome, and I hail with thankfulness the completion of a work (a nation's tribute to the memory of one of her greatest men) destined to furnish the means of a religious, moral, and intellectual education of the best description to the children of many deserving officers which they could not otherwise obtain.

"In the students now before me I am glad to recognise the first fruits of this benevolent work; and I trust they will, by their steady industry and honourable conduct, their cheerful obedience to those who are set in authority over them, and their behaviour to each other, earn a character for the College worthy of the name it bears.

"I pray that the Divine blessing may ever rest on this institution, and that it may lead all those who may be here educated to imitate, in their firm determination at all times and on all occasions to do their duty in that state of life unto which it may please God to call them, one of the chief characteristics of the Duke of Wellington."

At the conclusion of the address and reply the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a brief prayer for the Divine blessing on the efforts of the College. Her Majesty then signed the rules and statutes of the College, and with this act the ceremonial terminated. About seventy boys are already in the College.

Mr. Charles Phillips was seized with fatal illness very suddenly on Monday, and he died in the course of Tuesday evening. His "Memoirs of Curran" are his best and latest literary work. Mr. Phillips was born at Sligo in 1787, consequently he was in his seventy-second year. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish bar in 1809, and twelve years later to the English bar. His chief practice was at the Old Bailey, and his defence of Courvoisier will long be remembered. Having declined a seat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, he subsequently accepted a Commissionship in the District Court of Bankruptcy at Liverpool, from whence he was transferred to the Insolvent Debtors' Court, of which he was second commissioner. At the time of his decease he had held this office for a period of fourteen years.

We learn from the *Inverness Courier* that Lord Macaulay's memoir of William Pitt, in the forthcoming volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is of considerable length, filling about seventeen of the double-columned quarto pages. It abounds in minute personal details, and in those striking historical pictures, and retrospects for which its author is celebrated. A key-note to the tone of the memoir is struck in the first sentence:

"The child inherited a name which, at the time of its birth, was the most illustrious in the civilised world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror. During the first year of his life, every month had its illuminations and bonfires, and every wind brought some messenger charged with joyful tidings and hostile standards."

Lord Macaulay thus sums up the character of the great Minister:

"The memory of Pitt has been assailed, times innumerable, often justly, often unjustly; but it has suffered much less from his assailants than from his eulogists. For during many years his name was the rallying-cry of a class of men with whom, at one of those terrible conjunctures which confound all ordinary distinctions, he was accidentally and temporarily connected, but to whom on almost all great questions of principle, he was diametrically opposed. The haters of parliamentary reform called themselves Pittites, not choosing to remember that Pitt made three motions for parliamentary reform; and that though he thought that such a reform could not safely be made while the passions excited by the French Revolution were raging, he never uttered a word indicating that he should not be prepared at a more convenient season to bring the question forward a fourth time. The toast of Protestant ascendancy was drunk on Pitt's

birthday by a set of Pittites, who could not but be aware that Pitt had resigned his office because he could not carry Catholic emancipation. The defenders of the Test Act called themselves Pittites, though they could not be ignorant that Pitt had laid before George III. unanswerable reasons for abolishing the Test Act. The enemies of free trade called themselves Pittites, though Pitt was far more deeply imbued with the doctrines of Adam Smith than either Fox or Grey. The very negro drivers invoked the name of Pitt, whose eloquence was never more conspicuously displayed than when he spoke of the wrongs of the negro. This mythical Pitt, who resembles the genuine Pitt as little as the Charlemagne of Ariosto resembles the Charlemagne of Eginhard, has had his day. History will vindicate the real man from calumny disguised under the semblance of adulation, and will exhibit him as what he was, a minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions, pre-eminently qualified, intellectually and morally, for the part of a parliamentary leader, and capable of administering with prudence and moderation the government of a prosperous and tranquil country, but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable, in such emergencies, to err grievously both on the side of weakness and the side of violence."

An invention of considerable utility, which has excited great attention in the scientific circles of Paris, is about to be brought to the notice of persons in this country who interest themselves in the means of saving life in shipwrecks. It is a life-boat on an entirely new plan, so constructed that it cannot be upset in any sea, however rough, and is capable of carrying enormous weight without sinking. It is made to accomplish these objects by having flappers or wings at the sides, and a keel of a peculiar form. The inventor of it is Count Berchtold Von Ungerschtütz of Vienna.

The chemist of this present practical age produces transformations more startling than the alchemist or wizard of the middle ages, or the magician of Eastern story. The difficulty of procuring rags—clean or dirty—the raw material from which paper is made, has become a matter of importance to all connected with literature, and many substances have been tried with different degrees of success; none however have been sufficiently successful to be commercially available, excepting only wheat and oat straw and cotton waste, and these have been found only partial and imperfect substitutes. Mr. Houghton has recently patented a process, which he exhibited on Monday last to some of the active members of the Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, and to a number of other gentlemen interested in the production of paper. With this process Mr. Houghton, in the presence of his visitors, reduced flax refuse, stuff which is burned to be got rid of—stuff, the value of which is the cost of fetching it—into pulp equal in quality, in the opinion of competent judges who were present, to the pulp produced from the best linen rag at a cost of from 28*l.* to 30*l.* a ton, and after this rag has been subjected to several preliminary operations. The progress of Mr. Houghton's invention will be watched with the greatest interest.

M. Sylvestre, who as mentioned last week, is at present in London on a mission from the French Government, to examine the state of art in England, has addressed a special invitation to English artists, in the name of the Minister of State, to forward some of their more important works for the Exhibition which is to be held at Paris in April next, the minister promising to do his best to induce the Emperor to purchase some of them. We do not anticipate any very general response to the appeal, in the presence of the greater attractiveness of our home exhibitions; but we note the invitation for the benefit of whomsoever it may concern.

We may also note, for the benefit of another class of our readers, that the Exhibition of the French Photographic Society will be open during the same time, and that the Society invites the pictorial contributions of foreign photographers. Photographs may be sent—all charges being paid by the sender—addressed to M. Martin Laugier, Rue Drouot, 11, up to the 15th of March. The regulations most necessary to be borne in mind (besides the usual ones of appending the sender's name and address, with the title of the pictures, and forwarding a correspondent list) are, that "All coloured proofs will be excluded, as well as those which bear evidence of having been 'touched' in such a

way as to modify the photograph, properly so called, by manual operations;" and that "The mention of the nature of the negative process employed, whether it be dry or wet collodion, albumen, &c. is obligatory; while any additional information will be received with pleasure"—regulations which our own Photographic Society would do well to adopt for its next exhibition.

Professor W. Sterndale Bennett's new cantata, "The May Queen," will be performed at the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, February 9th, on which occasion Mr. Sims Reeves will sing the tenor music for the first time in London. This will be the first performance of Dr. Bennett's work since its representation at Windsor Castle. The band and choir of The Vocal Association, under the direction of M. Benedict, will number 400 performers.

The Rev. Dr. Wall, vice-provost of Dublin University, has given, towards the formation of five scholarships, of 20*l.* each, for the encouragement of Semitic learning, and for promoting the inquiry already instituted into the original state of the text of the Hebrew Bible, the sum of 2000*l.*

The secluded village church of Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel, presented on Friday last a memorable and impressive scene. On that afternoon the remains of the late Henry Hallam, the historian, were conveyed from Clevedon Court, the seat of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, M.P., nephew of the deceased, to a grave which, through a mysterious inversion of the common order of succession, had been already rendered classic ground by the ashes of his two gifted sons. The funeral was strictly private, but it accomplished that pious wish so touchingly expressed in the epitaph, written by himself over his elder son—

"Vale,
Dulcissime, dilectissime, desideratissime,
Hic, posthac Pater ac Mater,
Requiescantis Tecum
Usque ad Tubam."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 2nd February.

I JUDGED the Duchesse de Padoue rightly; she refused the post offered to her, of *Grande Matrone* to the new Princess Napoleon; and it was to be expected, for she could not have accepted that, having been inflexible in declining the same situation about the Empress. But *apropos* to all this, a curious circumstance has occurred: the Emperor fancied he might give himself the pleasure of naming the young Princess's new household, and accordingly he nominated the *Maréchale de St. Arnaud* as Grand Mistress, and Madame Edouard Thayer (born *Mlle. de Padoue*, sister-in-law to the Duchess) as one of the ladies-in-waiting. But when this was communicated to the august bridegroom in Turin, his Imperial Highness telegraphed back immediately to say that no such thing was to be thought of; that his Majesty would be so kind as to approve of the persons proposed to him; but that his father, "King" (!) Jerome, and he himself, *Plon-Plon in propria persona*, would wholly and exclusively take upon themselves to nominate the Princess Clotilda's household! You may rely upon the absolute truth of this. What may seem strange to you, but what surprises no one here, is, that Louis Napoleon, far from resisting, instantly agreed to his cousin's desire, and there has been no further question of the nominations by the Tuileries. I am inclined to fancy the Princess will be the loser by all this. The *Maréchale de St. Arnaud* (apart from what is called here the "disgrace" of the name she bears, which was that of one of the most thoroughly dishonest, unscrupulous of men who ever helped an adventurer to a throne) is perhaps the only lady about this court, whose own birth would anywhere entitle her to be attached to a daughter of the House of Savoy. She was *Mlle. de Trazegnies*, and is of Belgian extraction, being cousin to whatever is highest in Flanders—the *Mercy d'Argenteaux*, *Arenbergs*, *Lignes*, &c. She was an utterly penniless girl when, some years

luck, the late Marshal fell in love with her, and, besides that, thought it was a capital thing for him, who was far less and far worse, a mere "soldier of fortune," to ally himself to a wife with such a pedigree and such connections. Therefore, you see, as far as "*les convenances*," and as far as the "study of heraldry" goes, the little Piedmontese princess may go further and fare worse. It is in this respect absolutely alarming to think of what the people may be with whom Plon-Plon may choose to surround his new wife.

You will perhaps remember that about a fortnight since I told you how her Majesty the Empress Eugénie had entreated M. Octave Feuillet to set about writing a piece in which she should enact a part. Well, somehow or other the story has got about, and one of those unlucky individuals who undertake what are termed "*les chroniques du monde*," and who never separate from a notebook, whereon they inscribe whatever they hear, has allowed the above story to be told him in a way that has induced him to retail it to his readers without knowing what he was about! A person of whom I know something, but whose position at the Tuileries does not permit him to talk openly of what occurs there, told the history of the Empress and M. Feuillet, but without mentioning the name of either! but simply saying, "Did any one ever hear of such an enterprise as that of writing a play in which a lady is to be madly in love with some one who throughout the piece never appears?" The anecdote was looked upon as being simply illustrative of the whims of ladies who take to private theatricals, and the *chroniqueur* of the *Presse*, of all journals in the world, brings it out three days ago in all its details. M. Mocquard, the Emperor's private secretary, and a few more of the intimate underlings, both of the Tuileries and Palais Royal were frightfully amazed; and the consequence is, that some of these live in the firm conviction that it was all a "trick," played by "that odious Plon-Plon" as he is termed amongst his angust cousin's *entourage*! Whereas in real fact nothing could be more natural or more likely to happen, and no one was more innocent of the harm he had done, and the fuss he had made, than the unlucky perpetrator of the deed, who merely conceived he had been recounting the *faits et gestes* of Madame X. . . . or Madame *trois étoiles*, and was quite unaware that he had been chronicling the caprices of so exalted a personage as her Majesty the Empress herself.

I have had the luck to catch sight of a photograph of the Princess Clotilda, sent from Turin to the Princess Mathilde, and by her shown to one of her friends, who showed it to me. The face is decidedly a fine one, though less beautiful as yet than it will be some ten years hence. The outline is very beautiful, but the filling up is not perfect, nor can it be so at fifteen. The countenance is a fine one, and has the mixture of kindness and pride for which the royal bride of Plon-Plon is celebrated. The expression, however, is a frank and honest one, and I can as easily conceive the eyes flashing with indignation (which I dare say they will do often before a month is over) as melting with benevolence. Poor little girl! it is a sad thing to look on her picture and reflect upon her destiny.

Two days since the Empress went to the Palais Royal, and had herself conducted all over the apartments of the new couple, and made several alterations in the wardrobes and rooms appropriated to the hanging-up of dresses. Some small amusement even has been excited in the Court circle at Turin by the news of a letter written by the Empress to her future cousin just before her marriage, in which, after describing what she had had arranged in the apartments generally, her Imperial Majesty lengthily dwelt upon the above-mentioned circumstance of the alterations in the wardrobes and *armoiries*, which, said the august lady, were manifestly too small for the crinolines and cages of the present day. This pre-occupation of ample petticoats is, with the wife of Napoleon III., something so absorbing, that it posi-

tively attains to the proportions of a monomania. Her entire existence may be said to be taken up by her crinolines and her coiffures, but, of the two, I suspect the former occupy her even more than the latter. However, she seems determined to make no end of advances to her future cousin, and I have reason to know that the following few lines are really copied upon an autograph letter of the Empress's to the Princess Clotilda:

"It is customary in Spain when a young lady chooses her husband, that her most intimate friend should give her a ring. Spaniard as I am by birth, I wish to keep up with you the national tradition. Pray receive then this ring, and allow me, until I embrace you as my cousin, to sign myself your friend."

The ring that accompanies this letter is said to be a most magnificent one; and I am certain the letter is to be answered, forasmuch as the copy of it has been given to a gentleman I am acquainted with, by one of the persons of the Empress's household—one of those who stands nearest to her, and is best placed for knowing all that goes on. The curious part of the matter is, that the person I allude to is the sole Imperialist member of a rank Royalist family, who are connected with more than one Legitimist journal in the provinces, and I should not be surprised if the passage I have just quoted from the Empress's letter should be printed some day by way of "news" in some country print, where it will only be remarked by a small number of people.

At bottom, nevertheless, the fright is intense at the arrival of the new "Imperial Highness," and the *ultras* of the Tuileries put no bounds to the disgust with which they speak of Plon-Plon, and of his "perfidious, false, ambitious nature." The amusing thing, too, is, that this party had grown suddenly virtuous and moral upon the occasion, and holds up its hands in awe at the "unnatural behaviour" of the "*Roi-Caporal*," as they call him, and gravely asks, "where he expects to go to?"

Altogether, the whole would be extremely amusing, if such fearfully grave interests were not involved.

As yet, and until Plon-Plon has been home for a day or two, and exerted his influence (whichever way that tends), it is quite impossible to say anything definitive about peace or war. But of this I am certain: namely, that if the husband of the Sardinian Iphigenia succeed in forcing his silent cousin into the direction of a war-path again, he may flatter himself he has achieved a most extraordinary triumph, for anything more pacific than the present tendencies at the Tuileries can hardly be imagined. The Emperor Napoleon (who, despite certain melodramatic notions which have been widely embraced, never was and never will be a man of action) has in my belief become imbued with the wholesome conviction that war, however it might begin, would end in subverting his throne. He is as resolved as it is in his perpetually vacillating nature to be, not to allow himself to be led on to any imprudence, and you may be certain that, in his mind, at this hour, peace is absolutely determined on. I repeat it. What changes his cousin's advent may give rise to I cannot predict, but I doubt their being considerable. I feel persuaded that if, at this moment, the Piedmontese were to come to grief in any shape, and be ever so roughly handled by the Austrians, their "friend and ally," Louis Napoleon, would look on quietly, shrug his shoulders, give them perhaps some very good advice, tell them they had no one to blame but themselves; but he would not go one hair's-breadth further—as matters stand in his decisions at the present hour. Next week all this may alter, though I do not much believe it will.

Many of the best-informed persons here are quite convinced that the blustering, lying article in the *Constitutionnel* of two days since was the plainest sign of peace that can be found; and, according to the habitual policy of the Emperor, this is very possible. If he is, as I suspect, determined on a revival of Louis Philippe's line of conduct of "*la paix à tout prix*," he would be very likely to introduce its adoption by a vast

deal of bluster, and to prove how easy it would be for him to domineer over all Europe to-morrow, if he chose. The *bourgeois* who, crediting his morning paper's statements, says to himself that France has 700,000 men at her disposal, rubs his hands and feels master of the whole world *in partibus*. This is quite enough for the peculiar kind of vanity with which Frenchmen are afflicted; and if you can succeed in making them vain-gloriously satisfied with themselves, you may rest upon their utter political ignorance for guiding them in reality through any keyhole you like. No one is better aware of this than his Majesty Napoleon III.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 20.

In this country, as in England, the national drama does not meet with due support; but whilst in England the Government leaves it to shift for itself, here the government has appointed two commissions to inquire into the causes of the public neglect, and to devise measures for removing them; one of the commissions being charged to occupy itself specially with the material and mercantile part of the question, the other with the literary one. The manner in which the literary commission, however, is composed, does not afford much satisfaction, its members, with two or three exceptions, being of little literary or dramatic authority. In my humble opinion, if, without presumption, I may venture to give one, the cause of the decline of the national drama is owing to the frivolous character of the higher classes, which causes them to prefer trashy kind of plays, trashy operas, and silly ballets, to literature.

Within the last few days a new play by Leoff, entitled *Vorjba*, (*Fortune-telling*), has been brought out, and failed.

Since the accession of the present emperor a certain degree of liberty has been allowed the press, and it was confidently hoped that it was destined to be extended. But the government has just established a sort of "Press Bureau" (to use a designation common enough in France and Germany), to exercise control over the press, and to "guide it in the way it should go," that is, indicate to it how to treat questions in the manner most agreeable to the government. This measure is so contrary to what had been hoped for, that many persons anxious to think well of the Emperor Alexander and his advisers hesitate not to say that it is a mistake which cannot possibly have a very long existence.

It is reported that the government intend setting apart a sum of 300,000 roubles (about 48,000*l.*) a year for the relief of necessitous authors and journalists, and the "encouragement" of young writers of talent, provided of course they exercise the talent on all occasions in a spirit in accordance with its views. On the first impulse people may be disposed to praise the government for generosity in so acting; but on second thought it will appear that for the government to make itself the supporter and the benefactor of literary men, will deprive the latter of the only thing which can render their labours of value to the public, and creditable to themselves— independence.

The famous *cantatrice*, M^{me}. Besio, was soundly hissed the other night at the Italian Theatre for having, a few nights before, caused the performance to be changed on pretext that she was ill, and yet gone to a grand party in the house of a princess, and sang there as charmingly as ever. The hissing was remarkable for two reasons—first, because no *prima donna* ever before received such a castigation; secondly, because M^{me}. Besio had previously been highly esteemed by the Petersburgers.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending January 29th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 4544; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3635; on the three students' days (admission to the public, 6*d.*), 645; one students' evening (Wednesday), 191. Total, 9015. From the opening of the Museum, 761,626.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON.** *Royal Institution*, 2 P.M. General Monthly Meeting.
South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott, R.A., "On Sculpture in Relief (Rilievo), its character, and application to architectural decoration."
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.
TUES. *Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."
Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. "On the Performances of the Screw Steam-Ship *Sahel*, fitted with Du Tremblay's Combined Vapour Engine, and of the sister ship *Oasis*, with steam engines worked expansively, and provided with Partial Surface Condensation." By James W. Jameson.
Geological Society, 9 P.M. Scientific Business.
Geologists' Association, St. Martin's Hall, 7 P.M. Mr. Hyde Clarke, "On Geological Survey."
Syro-Egyptian Society, 7.30 P.M. "On the Syrian Language and Literature." By the Rev. B. H. Cowper.
WED. *Society of Arts*, 8 P.M. Mr. P. S. Simmonds, "On the Utilisation of Waste Substances."
British Archaeological Association, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Berghie, "On some Belgian Coins of the 12th century." Rev. Mr. Kell, "On the Priory of St. Dionysius." Mr. Syer Cuming, "On Domestic Censors."
London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, Marylebone Institution, 8 P.M. Papers and Discussion.
THURS. *Royal Society*, 8.30 P.M. Dr. E. Smith, "The Action of Food upon the Respiration." Mr. H. Dobell, "On the Influence of White Light, of the different coloured Rays, and of Darkness, on the Development, Growth, and Nutrition of Plants." Dr. Hoffman, "Researches on the Phosphorus Bases: IV. Diposphonium Compounds."
Royal Academy of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. Smirke, A.R.A., "On Architecture."
Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."
FRI. *Royal Institution*, 8 P.M. Mr. E. B. Denison, "On some Architectural Questions."
United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. W. H. Flower, M.R.C.S., "On the importance of a Knowledge of the Elements of Practical Surgery to Naval and Military Officers."
SAT. *Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, February 3. Thomas Graham, Esq., F.R.S., Master of the Mint, Vice-President, in the chair. The paper read was "On Aluminium," by Mr. P. Le Neve Foster, Secretary of the Society. The author began by giving a history of the first discovery of this metal, drawing particular attention to the circumstances which led to the idea of its being ultimately found useful as an article of commerce. He reviewed the researches of Davy, Oersted, Wöhler, P. Percy, and Rose, as well as those lately carried on by M. Deville in France, aided by funds from the Emperor, and spoke of the labours of Mr. Gerhard, an Englishman, who had for some time past been endeavouring to introduce the manufacture into this country. The applicability of some of the alloys of this metal were then pointed out, as well as some of the difficulties which were for a time likely to retard its more general use, the most important being that hitherto no effectual solder had been discovered suitable for it. The valuable qualities it possessed—viz., extreme lightness, capability of resisting atmospheric action, malleability and ductility superior to those of silver, with a power of conducting electricity, and other important advantages, tended to show that though possibly its susceptibility to the action of moisture might render it unfit for some of the purposes to which, in the early stages of its discovery, it had been hoped to apply it; yet that, if produced at a moderate price, it would be found a most valuable addition to our list of practically useful metals. The author drew attention to the advantages that it seemed to offer as a substitute for copper in the lower classes of coinage, for which it appeared in every way adapted when produced at a sufficiently low cost. The paper was illustrated by numerous specimens of ornaments, medals, and other objects made of this metal. A discussion ensued, in which Professor Tennant, Messrs. Elliott, Hawes, Laurence, May, Newton, Palmer, Smith, Strode, Thomson, the Chairman, and others took part.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—January 19. Prof. J. Phillips, President, in the chair. The following communications were read:—1. On the Gold-field of Ballarat, Victoria. By H. Rosales, Esq. Communicated by W. W. Smyth, Esq., Sec. G.S. Mr. Rosales described the position of the gold-lodes (the matrix of the gold) in the schists of the hill-ranges, from whence originate the numerous auriferous gullies, forming eventually several channels (charriages), and the different courses of the old gold-bearing streams, which gradually passing to lower levels, reach the great areas of basalt, under which they continue their hidden course. To illustrate these points, the author prepared and sent a MS. map of the district from beyond Buninyong to Creswick, on which the granite, basalt, schists, and quartz-lodes were shown, as well as the gold-channels, gullies, runs, leads, &c., connected with which ninety-six named spots or diggings were carefully indicated. 2. Description of a new species of *Cephalaspis* (*C. Asterolepis*) from the Old Red Sandstone of the neighbourhood of Ludlow. By John Harley, Esq. Communicated by Prof. Huxley, F.G.S. This new form of *Cephalaspis* (from Hopton Gate) is at least twice the size of *C. Lyellii*, and is further characterised by the position, obliquity, and magnitude of the orbits. The space between the orbits is proportionally small, and the occipital crest very short. The outer enamel-layer is ornamented with tubercles, which, though somewhat variable, bear so close a resemblance to those covering the bony plates of *Asterolepis*, as to have suggested the specific name. The inner layer of the bony plate presents lacunæ and canaliculi, resembling those of human bone; and many of them, in the specimen described, are naturally injected with a transparent blood-red material, so distinctly and delicately, that in their minutest details the structure of canals not more than $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch in diameter is beautifully revealed. Mr. Harley also described a more perfect specimen of *Cephalaspis Salweeni* than the one on which Sir P. Egerton not long since determined the species. It was found by Mr. Salwey at Thirlstonene or Bromyard. Associated with the *C. Salweeni*, the author found a specimen of either a dermal plate or a tooth of a placoid fish, resembling some Silurian fossils called *Coleolepidae* by Pander.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Jan. 7. James Yates, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. A communication was received regarding the remarkable remains of Roman construction, the town walls at Dax, Aqua Augusta, celebrated in Roman times for its saline springs. The town is in the Dep. of the Landes, south of Bordeaux, and M. Leo Drouyn of that city, having ascertained the Roman origin of the walls, sought to rescue them from the destruction with which they were threatened by the town council, who had commenced their demolition. An appeal to the Préfet proved ineffectual, as also did an urgent remonstrance addressed to the Minister of the Interior. Mr. C. Roach Smith stated that, having visited Dax last year, and witnessed the vandalism rapidly progressing, he had addressed a fresh appeal to the Duke of Malakoff, and hoped that through his influence in high quarters, the evil might ultimately be averted. The remains present one of the most remarkable examples of their class existing in the west of Europe. The Rev. C. W. Bingham read a memoir on the vestiges of Roman times, buildings, tessellated pavements, and antiquities of various kinds lately discovered at Dorchester Castle. They had been carefully preserved, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Lavrance, the governor, who had spared no pains in carrying out the explorations, which promised to throw fresh light on the Roman occupation of the west of England. Mr. Edmund Waterton communicated notices of some valuable ancient rings which he placed before the meeting, comprising several of historical interest, especially the betrothal ring, as it is believed, of Cola di Rienzi, tribune of Rome, and Catarina di Raselli, his wife. This precious relic had been obtained by Mr. Waterton at Rome, and he stated the grounds for the supposition which had connected

it with much probability, with an eventful period of Italian history. Mr. Waterton offered also some observations on the remarkable antique Saxon, Scandinavian, and mediæval rings which were exhibited. One of them had been, as it is supposed, worn by King John. A ring of great interest is that found at Fotheringhay, engraved with the initials of Mary Stuart and Henry Darnley, whose name and arms it bears. Among the more modern examples were a fine memento ring of Gustavus Adolphus, and one which belonged to Frederick the Great, bearing his cypher engraved on a turquoise. Mr. Albert Wray read a notice of the colossal marble lion at the gates of the arsenal at Venice, removed from the Piræus by the victorious Venetians in 1687. That port of Athens had been known as the Porto Leone from this colossal lion, of which several excellent photographs were exhibited, showing the traces of a long inscription upon the lion's flanks in Scandinavian Runes. This legend had, after long and patient investigation, been successfully read by a learned northern antiquary, Rafn. It had thus been satisfactorily ascertained that the Runes were incised upon the marble colossus by certain Varangians, or Northmen, in the Imperial Guard, who had conquered Athens, on occasion of an insurrection, and imposed heavy contributions. The names of several are mentioned as engaged in the enterprise, and among these are some not unknown in history, especially Harold the Tall, who, as Rafn has shown, was probably the exiled son of Sigurd, who was chieftain of the Varangians about 1040. This remarkable inscription is assigned to the times of the great insurrection in that year, during the reign of the Emperor Michael the Paphlagonian. The continuation of a valuable memoir on architectural monuments and various antiquities in the north of Europe, was read by Mr. Westwood; as also a notice of the remarkable Cathedral of Roskilde, in Denmark, by the Rev. R. Codrington. A fine gold armet, one of a large hoard discovered in Scotland, was exhibited: upwards of three dozen had been found in ploughing near a large tumulus called the Law. Mr. J. G. Waller exhibited a full-sized representation of an engraved monumental effigy of the fourteenth century; the memorial of Sir Giles de Hamale, which is to be seen at Elderen in Belgium. It is of remarkable design and curious for the details of armour and costume. Mr. Franks brought a beautiful watch, in form of the flower of the fritillary; the case enriched with niello very delicately worked. A Roman vase of unusual form, recently found at Wyke, near Weymouth, was exhibited by Mrs. H. C. Pigou; a beautiful Venetian glass salver, ornamented with elaborate arabesques on a gold ground, and an heraldic escutcheon in the centre, was brought by Mr. Rohde Hawkins, and a collection of armlets, personal ornaments and Roman relics found in France, and in the district of the Jura, on the frontiers of Switzerland.

BRITISH METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—January 19th. Dr. R. D. Thomson in the chair. J. Parkinson Harrison, Esq., and the Rev. J. Woulley, were elected members. The following paper was then read:—"On Medical Meteorology, and Atmospheric Ozone," by Dr. Moffat, as based on observations taken at Hawarden during a period of six years. Dr. Moffat stated that a slip of paper prepared with iodide of potassium and starch, becomes brown when exposed to the action of the air—that if the brown slip be allowed to remain exposed, it will lose its colour—that a similar slip suspended over a cesspool does not become brown, and that a brown slip suspended over the same cesspool loses its colour. Slips of test paper were exhibited, showing these changes. In these results, the author observed there are proofs of three distinct agents.—One, ozone, which decomposes the iodide of potassium; the iodine being set at liberty, produces the brown colour. The second, sulphuretted hydrogen, the hydrogen of which removes the brown colour, by combining with the iodine and forming hydroiodic acid. The third incompletely oxidised substances, the products of the decomposition of animal and

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vegetable matter, than the iodine, however, I remain colourless, colour invades he has often retain their these alterations the relative of decomposition degree of the year, and the product formed at that the greatest consequence at its maximum quantity degree of case by the ozone observed varying from the level sets, extent, and also a mean data inland-st country that similar in his during the next observations locality situation, another products the ozone; and during current wind, it and blot that of is the maximum results continue of high readings increased quantities that during commencing in green Dr. M. bringing of the as it stratigraphy that are a sense death, i.e., north with south current the the of the duces its colour sub the com wea curv 10, in 2 the are of rem the 263

vegetable matter, which are more easily oxidable than the iodide of potassium. The test papers, however, Dr. Moffat observes, do not always remain colourless over cess-pools, nor is the brown colour invariably removed by their products, for he has often seen them become brown, and also retain their colour while so exposed. He thinks these alternations in colour depend entirely upon the relative quantities of ozone, and the products of decomposition, the quantities varying with the degree of temperature of the air, the season of the year, and the state of the weather generally. As the products of putrefaction and combustion are formed at the earth's surface, Dr. Moffat concludes that the quantity of oxidable matter must be greatest in the lowest strata of air, and that consequently the quantity of ozone, must there be at its minimum, or in other words, that the quantity of ozone ought to increase with the degree of elevation. This he shows to be the case by tables formed from results deduced from ozone observations taken at fifteen different stations, varying from a mean height of 6 to 600 feet above the level of the sea. The stations were in three sets, extending thirty miles along a tidal river, and at a mean distance of eight miles inland. It also appears from these observations, that the mean daily quantity of ozone diminishes at the inland stations, and that it is greater in open country than in towns and villages. He remarks that similar results were obtained by Mr. Glaisher, in his investigations of the meteorology of London during the cholera epidemic of 1854. Dr. Moffat next observes, that a current of air passing over a locality charged with the products of decomposition, will be that of the minimum of ozone, and another proceeding from a locality in which these products are not in sufficient quantity to take up the ozonised air, will be that of the maximum of ozone; that in places where the air is stagnant, and during calms, ozone will also be at its minimum. He proceeded to show that, as the north current, according to the rotation theory of the wind, is the lower stratum of the air in motion, and blows over the earth's surface, it ought to be that of the minimum of ozone; and as the south is the higher air in motion, it ought to be the maximum of ozone current. From tabulated results he showed that such was the case, and continued to observe, as the north wind was that of high, and the south that of low barometer readings, ozone periods invariably terminated by increasing readings of the barometer, and as frequently commenced by decreasing readings of that instrument. The quantity of ozone is small during calms, but during falls of snow and at the commencement of thaws with drizzle, it is often in great quantity when the air is quite still. This, Dr. Moffat believes, is owing to the snow-flakes bringing down the ozonised air, and the setting in of the warm south or zonal current, which, as it advances, gradually absorbs the cold lower stratum of air. Dr. Moffat next proceeds to state that these two chief currents in these latitudes are as different in a medical as a meteorological sense, and by tables shows that the maximum of deaths takes place with the minimum of ozone, i.e., in the lowest stratum of the air, and with the north current; and that the numbers decrease with increase of height and ozone, and with the south wind, which is the maximum of ozone current; and that while the north wind is that of the maximum of deaths, the south wind is that of the maximum of diseases. The author is induced to believe that the north current produces its effects by being the vehicle of the poisonous substances formed at the earth's surface, while the south current is the cause of those diseases commonly attributed to the vicissitudes of the weather. In proof of the influence of the south current upon health, he adduces the fact, that 10,747 of the 15,840 grains exhaled by the skin, in 24 hours, are organic matter, and that when the skin was unable to perform its functions these are removed by the kidneys; and by a long series of experiments he has shown that these organs remove 84 grains more daily when the wind is in the south than when it is in the north points, and 263 grains more daily when the wind is in those

points in which the currents change from north to south most frequently, viz., the south-east and north-west. Dr. Moffat observes that, while the two chief currents of the atmosphere in these latitudes have each their peculiarities, the calm has also its peculiar medico-meteorological condition, and remarked that the north may be said to be the "death current," the south that of "sporadic diseases," but that the calm is essentially the epidemic condition. He then proceeds to describe the chief meteorological features of the calm, such as remarkably high readings of the barometer, the prevalence of haze, and the absence of ozone. Dr. Moffat attributes the deadly influence of the calm, to the concentration of a poison, that is formed during the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, by an incomplete oxidation of their hydrogen and carbon, and believes that ozone, by affording oxygen to these, connects them into innocuous compounds. This oxidation, he thinks, is the cause of the dissipation of ozone. The rapid bleaching of the brown papers during the calm, he thinks, is owing to the accumulation of sulphuretted hydrogen. From careful observations of the effects of the calm at every opportunity, he believes that it is favourable to the development of fever in all its forms, and he is of opinion that whether fever or cholera will prevail, depends on the degree of concentration of the poison; and in support of this opinion states that he has seen an epidemic commence with scarlatina, run into typhus, and terminate in a disease of choleraic type, rapidly decline after cleansing and draining. We have no power over the winds, continues Dr. Moffat, but he believes that if a south or zonal current could be directed into "fever nests," or into cholera localities, these diseases would vanish; and in proof of the correctness of this opinion, mentions that cholera declined at Newcastle in 1853, and in London in 1854, after the setting in of the zonal current, and that he had previously, from such belief, requested meteorologists to watch the effects of that current upon the epidemic at these places. A paper was then read "On some of the Atmospheric Conditions favourable to the development of Ozone," as deduced from observations taken at Little Beidy, Dorset, by H. S. Eaton, Esq. The author stated that the object of his paper was simply to endeavour to show the close and direct relation which the amount of ozone bears to that of rain and cloud. After describing the position where the observations were taken, and giving some particulars concerning the locality, Mr. Eaton showed by means of tables the relative distribution of ozone, cloud, and rain for each point in the compass, as deduced from the observations taken at Little Beidy, from February 20th, 1857, to November 6th, 1858. By these it was seen that ozone was prevalent to the largest extent when the direction of the wind was between the south and west points of the compass, and when the amounts of rain and cloud were greatest; and that the least amount of ozone was coincident with winds having a northerly and easterly direction, and with the least amounts of cloud and rain.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 3. Dr. Gray, President, in the chair. G. S. Mosse, Esq., was elected, and the Rev. Evan Lewis and Dr. Howitt proposed as candidates for the membership. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited examples of *Tachyusa concolor* and *Symbiotes lotus*, the former found near Highgate, the latter near Ryde, Isle of Wight. Mr. Stevens exhibited a fine new species of *Psilidognathus* and an *Agnoccephala*, very distinct from all known species of that genus, from the interior of Peru. Mr. Sheppard exhibited a box of *Coleoptera* from Geelong. Mr. Janson exhibited *Oxyptoda spectabilis*, taken near Falkirk by Mr. Hislop during the last summer. Mr. Shepherd exhibited specimens of *Stenus palustris*, a species new to this country, found by Mr. Bond in the fens near Cambridge. Mr. White exhibited a drawing of a curious crustacean of the family *Sphaeromidae*, remarkable for having a long horny projection from the epistome; the examples were

found on Hummocks Island by Fell Rayner, Esq., surgeon of H.M.S. *Herald*. Mr. Stainton exhibited *Plutella annulata*, taken by the Rev. H. A. Pickard in the Isle of Portland, the species had only hitherto occurred in the north of England and Scotland. Mr. Smith read "A Contribution to the History of *Stylops*," giving an enumeration of all species of exotic *Hymenoptera* known to be attacked by these singular parasites. Mr. Waterhouse read "A Synonymic List of the British Species of *Latridius*," and "A Revision of the British Species of *Corbiearia*." Part 9 of the 4th volume of the Society's Transactions was announced as published.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Monday, January 31st. C. Jellicoe, Esq., V.P., in the chair. George Stewart, Esq., was elected a Fellow; Philip Curtis, Esq., an Official Associate; and Messrs. W. R. Adams, H. N. Grimley, B. Newbott, and H. E. Norfolk, Associates. The reports of the examiners were read, and it appeared that the following candidates had passed in order as follows: First year—Grimley, Horatio Nelson; Mullins, William Charles; Laing, Cland George; Bischoff, Charles; Booth, William; Norfolk, Horatio Edward. Second year—Adler, Marcus Nathan; Helder, Stewart; Grant, William Bell. Third year—King, William; Clare, Stephen, M. Mr. King and Mr. Clare would be entitled to certificates of competency. A paper by Mr. Willich was read, "On the Expectation of Life." Mr. Willich gives for the expectation of life at any age (a) between five and sixty, the formula $e = \frac{1}{2}(80 - a)$, which is easily recollected, and which agrees very nearly with the result obtained from Dr. Farr's English Life Table. Mr. Day then read a paper "On the Determination of the Rates of Premium for Assuring against Issue." That class of insurances called "Issue Cases," in which a person, who will inherit an estate in case the tenant-for life should die without issue, wishes to raise money on his contingent reversion, have not hitherto been treated on scientific principles. In this paper Mr. Day assumed that both husband and wife were living at the time of granting the insurance; and that there is no probability of issue by the existing marriage. The payment of the sum assured at the end of the n^{th} year will depend: 1. On the wife having died in or before the n^{th} year. 2. On the husband surviving. 3. On the widower marrying again within the year. The expression for the value of the payment at the end of the n^{th} year will therefore be (adopting Jones's notation):

$$P_{H,n} (1 - p_{W,n})^2 H + n - 1$$

H being the age of the husband, W that of the wife, and p the probability of a widower marrying in a year. The summation of these terms for every year will give the single premium for an assurance payable whenever the second marriage takes place. By the aid of the perforated cards invented by Mr. Peter Gray, much labour in computing the tables is saved, as the portion of the above expression, dependent on the age of the husband, is written on one set of cards, and that depending on the age of the wife on the other set; so that the value of the assurance for any combination of ages may be easily computed. The results of these calculations give premiums much lower than those usually charged in such cases; but, as these transactions are not very frequent, it would be safer to load the calculated premiums heavily; say 100 per cent. The payment by the insurer should always be in a single sum, as the chief portion of the risk is incurred in the earlier years; and there would be danger of the policy being suffered to lapse, as soon as the risk was much diminished. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Brown, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Galsworthy, and the Chairman took part; and thanks having been voted to Mr. Willich and to Mr. Day, the meeting separated.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.—On Friday a memoir was read at the United Service Institution, by Mr. Hyde Clarke, on Indian Military Defence.

The object of the paper was to show that, in consequence of the adaptation of the healthy hill regions of India to European constitutions, the military system should henceforth be based on the occupation by English troops and colonisation by English settlers of these hill regions, so that India may be held by an English army instead of by a native army in the tropical cities liable to revolt. Mr. Clarke showed that the Himalayas, the Vindhya, the Ghats, Neilgherries, Shevaroy, and attached tablelands, could support a large body of English settlers, with an abundant supply of cheap native labour. He urged the extension of the Madras line to the Neilgherries, of the Northern Bengal Railway to Darjeeling and Assam, and other lines, as an important auxiliary measure. The hill regions so occupied would, he pointed out, become a barrier against the aggression of Russia by land, or of France by sea. The approximation of the Chinese frontier to Assam had now become important, as millions of Chinese emigrants might enter from that quarter.

FINE ARTS.

The Fine Arts in Italy in their Religious Aspect: Letters from Rome, Naples, Pisa, &c.; with an Appendix on the Iconography of the Immaculate Conception. By Ath. Coquerel, jun. Translated from the French, by Edward and Emily Higginson; with Corrections and Additions, and an English Preface by the Author. (Whitfield.)

M. COQUEREL is the antithesis of M. Rio. The one could see in modern art little excellence except as it was the product of Catholicism—drew inspiration from its legends, and obeyed its traditions. The other dates the true rise of modern art from the time when “the Catholic school had ceased to exist;” then, “emancipated art shone with unequalled splendour, attributable to the study of antiquity, and to that new life of the human mind which found its most glorious and fruitful result in the Reformation.” Rio would not admit that a truly great artist had breathed since pagan times who had not owed his being to the Catholic Church, and saw evidence of rapid decline in Raffaele’s powers from the day he quitted her sheltering wing to study in the school of classic antiquity. M. Coquerel, on the other hand, boldly “maintains that the Roman Church never created a truly great artist;” that, in fact, “the Catholic worship and art have opposite interests; their conditions of existence and of success exclude one another. What is indispensable to the one, is often hurtful, sometimes fatal to the other.” Finally—while Rio rests all his hopes for the revival of art in its highest manifestations on the earnest study of early Christian art in a reverent Catholic spirit, Coquerel declares that “Catholic art is dead;” and whilst according his admiration of “the first innocent and charming infancy” of early Catholic art, warns his readers that “factitious infancy is but senility and decrepitude—that servile puerility which proceeds from exhaustion, and survives thought and will;” and trusts alone for a great future of art to “the individual spirituality, the free faith, the frank, spontaneous piety” of Protestantism.

M. Coquerel’s work is in fact a protest against those doctrines, half mystical, half mediæval, on the connection of religious art with a particular form of Christian faith, which originated now nearly half a century ago in Germany with the Schlegels, which have since been repeated unceasingly as axioms in all Catholic countries, and have found acceptance and advocacy even in countries the most anti-Catholic. It is not however anything like a regular treatise on the Arts or even on religious art. M. Coquerel writes neither as an artist nor an archaeologist. The pastor of a Protestant church in Paris, he looks at art naturally rather with the eye of a theologian than a painter; and the manner in which his book was written almost ensured for it an incomplete unsystematic character. Its basis, as the title states, is a series of letters,

written from Rome, Naples, and Pisa, for a weekly journal (*Le Lien*), the organ of the Reformed churches of France. But the sentiments they expressed were not the hurriedly adopted opinions of the moment. The journey during which they were written was a second visit to Italy, for which the writer “had prepared himself by diligent research and investigation.” The letters were “enlarged and carefully revised before they re-appeared in the shape of a volume. So they have been again for this English edition; and many additional facts have been derived from continued study of the matter.” However incomplete or unsystematic, therefore, may be its form, the author puts forward his work as the deliberate, well-considered statement of his views on religious art; and as such it deserves and will repay a considerate perusal. The advocates of the opposite views have hitherto alone been heard. There can be no harm in listening to both sides of the question; and if M. Coquerel be an eager and uncompromising opponent, he is not an unjust one. He writes in a free and frank, but eminently fair spirit. There is none of the bitterness that repels, whilst there is no little of that earnestness which secures the attention of the reader.

The following passage on the subject of the Madonna will serve as an example of M. Coquerel’s manner of looking at the themes prescribed to artists by Catholicism:

“The repeated treatment of the same subjects according to conventional rules has inevitably rendered art mechanical and invention useless or almost impossible, if not even compromising. There is a subject peculiarly simple and graceful, naturally interesting, and which would have employed many an artist’s skill, even if it never had been made sacred; for human nature presents nothing more attractive—it is a young woman with a child in her arms. In the modest beauty of the young mother, happy, yet anxious, tender and religiously grateful—in those first holy joys of maternity, in the charming harmony and contrast of the grace of the young girl now become wife and mother with the different grace of the child;—in this simple subject there is great richness of natural emotion, which is made still deeper and sweeter by Christian sentiment. But the Church has used and abused it in all manner of ways, laboriously varying this uniform theme by the introduction of certain attributes or saints. It is a wearisome labour to look through the enormous volume in which Mrs. Jameson has treated of the *Legends of the Madonna*, and where this fine subject, everlastingly reproduced from the great masters, in more than two hundred plates, fatigues the mind and revolts the eye. There are fifty-two Madonnas, or Holy Families, in existence ascribed to Raphael, two or three of which are probably by his pupils. In the magnificent gallery of the princes Borghese, the Virgin is in more than the proportion of one to every eleven pictures. In that of the Barberini palace, fourteen pictures out of thirty are of Mary. These astounding numbers, it is very certain, are much below the proportion of Madonnas among Church pictures now-a-days ordered, since the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Is this protecting or inspiring Art? Is it not rather smothering it under intolerable monopoly? The public collections, too, are filled with Madonnas not fit to be looked at; and even Raphael himself, notwithstanding the great aptitude of his genius for subjects of this kind, could not avoid a certain insipidity of expression in many of his Virgins.”

On the other hand, see how he can discern and appreciate a scriptural treatment of scriptural themes by a thoroughly Catholic painter, though it must be confessed one who is not a special favourite with writers of the modern mystical school:

“As to Giotto, I have nothing to forget in order to give myself up to the emotions which he calls forth. He is at the opposite extreme, and appears to me, I will not merely say the most biblical, but the only biblical painter of all the Italians whose works I have seen. I delight to return in thought to the ancient and ruined amphitheatre of Padua, in the middle of which rises the chapel of *Santa Maria dell’Anima*, better known by its popular name as the *Chapel of Giotto*. It was he, in fact, who covered all the inner walls of this church (shamefully neglected by its present proprietors) with paintings in fresco, representing the lives of the Virgin, and the Saviour. I scarcely like the decoration as a whole. Those long rows of compartments about a yard square give the walls too much the appearance of a chess-board, only with dead squares of one colour. But what life is working and developing itself on those venerable walls! As soon as you are accustomed to the somewhat dull colour of the fresco, if you trace, from one compartment to another, the history of Christ, how full of true and solemn religious beauty do you find it! Two frescoes in particular struck me: the ‘Raising of Lazarus,’ and the ‘*Noli me tangere*.’ Can one ever forget that Lazarus, that corpse-like figure, astonished at its own resurrection? It is a prodigy for force of expression, which at first sight it is a prodigy for force of expression, which at first sight would alarm, did not so much sweetness and graceful adoration appear in the yet dim eye. There is in the features of the corpse, as the spectator beholds it reviving, something which reminds him of the moment

before the sun appears in the horizon; you do not see him, but you feel that he is there, and on the point of shining forth; it is he, invisible, yet filling the air with his presence. So it is with the life in this dead face; it is not quite there yet, but already it begins to shine; it is bursting forth in marks of joy and glory impossible to mistake. Here is more than the merit of conquering a difficulty; genius has changed this almost insupportable one into a source of unspeakable beauty of the highest order. As to the spectators of the miracle, their attitudes and countenances express to admiration every degree of astonishment, from alarm and fear to the transports of joy.”

These quotations will show the character of the book better than descriptive criticism. We add another, as embodying his conclusions on the influence of Catholicism on Art:

“We by no means dispute that in the infancy of modern art, Catholicism (or rather the Christian element contained in Catholicism) more than once gave heaven inspiration to artists. But we affirm that this Catholicism held them under the yoke and restrained their progress. The authority of the clergy and the reign of tradition pressed upon them with fatal weight. From the moment when art, stimulated by the Renaissance and emancipated by study, was again put in possession of nature and of the ancient ideal, it felt itself free, and produced masterpieces that were no longer Catholic, but were human: Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, with their schools and rival schools, were born of this movement. As painters, sculptors, and architects, these great men were pre-eminently men of creative genius, thinkers. . . . The theory which stops short at Pergolesi, and addresses no art but what is anterior to the Renaissance, may be logical; but it has against it the sole decisive proof in such a matter as this, the proof before which one can only bow in silence—the evidence of the Beautiful. It is absolutely false to say that art degenerated from the time of Raphael’s master; though it is true that the religious sentiment, that fruitful source of art and poetry, ceases to assert itself from that moment. But why? Because the Catholic hierarchy had given to religious art an ecclesiastical and sacerdotal character, from which it had to work out its freedom. To sum up what we have said:—In spite of what seems to us the too great prominence given by Catholicism to the arts in its worship, it would be stopping short of the truth to say that the Roman Church has never for a moment been able to sustain them at their true elevation. She has precipitated their fall by a threefold influence; by materialising religion continually more and more, which is the mortal sore of Catholicism; by running after the colossal and enormous, instead of the beautiful, which is the disease of Roman taste; and by sacrificing art to costly display, which is the scheme of the Jesuits. The work of future masters must be, to separate the thought and feeling of the Beautiful from this false and dangerous traditionalism which has paralysed or dried them up. Then only, when independent and spontaneous, will they develop themselves widely and live their own native life.”

It would convey an unfair impression of the book, however, were we not to mention that, besides those strictly artistic and controversial matters, there are some admirably written descriptions of Catholic ceremonies, as that of conferring the Hat on a newly elected Cardinal, and that of the Monk’s sermon in the Coliseum—two of the most striking passages in the book, but too long to quote; notes on Italian ecclesiastical architecture, and also on the past and future of French art, as well as some very charming descriptions of the places visited.

As will have been seen, we are not inclined to rank the author very high as an authority on art. But the book is one that will do good. It is the first tangible evidence we have received from the Continent of the re-action which is steadily setting in against the mediævalism which has been so long pressing heavily on the artistic mind of Europe. We like its clear outspoken plainness of utterance. Where we differ, we respect. The work is, in short, a suggestive one—and it is translated into clear idiomatic English.

The Book of the Thames, from its Rise to its Fall. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

This account of our noble river having run its course in the pages of the *Art Journal* is here reprinted in a goodly volume, gorgeous in green and gold. It is not, however, a mere reprint. The authors say, in their preface, “We have availed ourselves of suggestions, from time to time received, enabling us to correct mistakes, generally to revise it, and to make such additions (neither few nor unimportant) as our own augmented experience, and the advice of competent friends and correspondents, have naturally induced.” In this revised shape “*The Book of the Thames*” will be found to supply a faithful as well as an

agreeable guide along the entire geographical and by little more told by the adventure and partner. It is endless number the majority is a pleasant book on the have to write

On Saturday Gallery of the Lord Lieutenant nearly the Leinster National. The committee of a National in 1855-56, and the need was found to be by at least proceeded to last year to 50000, and Neither Freeman’s name of the what grave noble built erected on will be the city co-

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agreeable guide to whatever of interest occurs along the entire course of the river, the dry topographical and antiquarian details being relieved by little novelets, chiefly of peasant life, gracefully told by the lady, and reminiscences of angling adventure and experience from the pen of her partner. It is illustrated, too, with an almost endless number of woodcuts, for the accuracy of the majority of which we can vouch. In short, it is a pleasant, well-written and very handsome book on the pleasantest river an author could have to write about.

On Saturday last the first stone of the National Gallery of Ireland was laid by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The building will occupy nearly the site of the Dublin Exhibition on Leinster Lawn. Its germ was the Dargan testimonial. Five thousand pounds being offered by the committee of that fund, towards the formation of a National Gallery, a parliamentary grant was in 1855-56, obtained of an additional 6000*l*. and the necessary designs were prepared. But it was found that the cost had been under-estimated by at least a-half, and the works could not be proceeded with. However, the Government came last year to the rescue with an additional grant of 5000*l*., and the building is now fairly begun.

Neither the secretary in his statement, nor the *Freeman's Journal* in its report, mentions the name of the architect of the new edifice—a somewhat grave omission. But Dublin is a city of noble buildings, and we may fairly hope that one erected on such a site, and for such a purpose, will be worthy to rank with the noblest building the city contains.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts held its first Conversazione at the French Gallery on Tuesday evening; when it was stated that the Society now numbers about 200 members, and that arrangements have been made for the delivery of lectures on Art, Poetry, &c., by Messrs. H. Otley, Herauld, and other gentlemen; the holding of discussions on questions connected with the fine arts; exhibitions of works of art, to which the public are to be admitted free on certain days; the formation of a testimonial fund, &c. The Society has also secured a local habitation as well as a name, its apartments being at No. 58, Pall Mall.

The first "Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione" of the present season was held at Willis's Rooms on Thursday evening, and presented its usual cheerful and animated appearance. The leading attractions on the walls were Maclean's great picture of 'The Bohemian Gipsies,' from which twenty years have taken little of its vigour or brilliancy, and added something of tone; Turner's 'Burning of the Houses of Parliament,' so gorgeous in colour, and so daring in its contrasts, yet so wonderfully harmonised in the *ensemble*; and his 'Chryses,' a large and very noble water-colour drawing. Many other paintings in oil and water-colours were there by Turner, Haghe, Holland, Miss Mutrie, and others; and a profusion of portfolios of sketches, of which the favourites appeared to be those of Richardson and Rowbotham.

There was on Thursday, at the rooms in Wellington Street, Strand, a private view of the celebrated Collection of Antiquities formed by Mr. Hertz, and now the property of Mr. Mayer of Liverpool, prior to its sale by auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. Some notion may be formed of the extent of the collection when we state that the sale will comprise upwards of three thousand lots, and extend over sixteen days—commencing on Monday next, and ending on the following Thursday fortnight. It would of course be idle to pretend to particularise even the more remarkable objects. But we were struck at the private view with the extraordinary richness of the gems—in many respects probably the finest collection ever dispersed by public sale. The Greek and Italian fictile vases are also very fine—

one large one (No. 189) would certainly, both for form and subject, make a valuable addition to our national collection; to which also we should be glad to see added the large Cumæan vases with the projecting figures (Nos. 2086-8). Among the bronzes are a few statuettes of singular beauty, as the Venus No. 150, Mars 147, &c. But besides Greek and Roman there are also Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities; some remarkable examples of Chinese, Hindoo, Peruvian, and Mexican art; and some Cinque Cents and later articles not unworthy to be ranked with similar articles of classic date—such, for example, as the extraordinary Cameo (No. 2229), 'Thetis pleading before Jupiter on behalf of her son, Achilles,' which for beauty as well as for size is probably one of the very finest of its period. It seems a pity that a collection formed with so much cost and labour should be dispersed so soon after its formation; but no doubt the curators of our two national museums will do their best to secure the more precious of the articles for the public use, and thus convert the private loss into a public gain.

Mr. Baxter has just published a new specimen of his process of printing in oil-colours, 'Winter,' from a picture by W. E. Jones. It is of a larger size than the prints he usually ventures upon, and exhibits an improved artistic feeling in the treatment. The scene is a portion of a lonely village on the skirt of a common, an old church standing on one side of the road, a cottage or two on the other. The ground is covered with snow, the sun has sunk heavily in the north-west, and a couple of peasant boys are dragging home the branch of an old elm. A homely village scene, such as one might see any winter day along the heaths of Surrey or Hants, painted in an unaffected manner, and very fairly copied by the patent process. There is something of coldness and thinness in the tone, and flatness in the general effect, but much of this may be due to the subject, and more to the painter (the unlucky red and yellow of the woman's dress, for example), though something seems undoubtedly due to the process itself, which always leaves a certain crudeness and incompleteness of colour in even the most elaborate prints produced by it. The present is, however, the best landscape we have seen from Mr. Baxter's press, and is a very pleasing, and will we have little doubt prove a very popular print.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. Remusat seems determined to make up in quantity for what his performances lack in quality. We are almost out of breath with recording the exploits of this very industrious manager and his troop of lyric comedians. No sooner has one work assailed the ears of the small Anglo-Gallic public that frequents the Opéra Comique than another is close at hand, rivalling its predecessor in inefficiency. To *La Part du Diable* succeeded *Les Diamans de la Couronne*; when, lo, and behold! in the lustre of those false jewels could be seen the shadow of the *Domino Noir*; which latter no sooner became substantial, than it vanished before the *Caid*—the *Caid*, in turn, being as speedily compelled to make way for the *Pré aux Clercs*.

Hérold's pretty opera, which, like its predecessor, *Zampa*, has been maintained for more than a quarter of a century upon its rich mine of tune—lavishly and wastefully as that mine was worked by its prodigal possessor—came out on Saturday, and on the whole was well received. The melodies of the *Pré aux Clercs* must always please; but the pleasure derived from them can hardly fail to be tinged with regret that their inventor, though he lived to the age of forty, and was composing all the best part of his life, should have acquired so comparatively little mastery over an art, without the perfect application of which a musician may yearn, but yearn in vain, for the approving fiat of posterity. When Hérold's operas are forgotten, his melodies will in all probability endure, no longer integral portions

of the works to which they originally belonged, but confounded with the national store, perhaps—who can say?—the name of their author unremembered.

Of the performance of the *Pré aux Clercs* at St. James's Theatre, the less said the better. All the concerted music (even the overture—strange to say!) suffered from want of precision—from coarse or pointless execution. The *dramatis persona*, with one exception, were indifferently, in some instances badly represented. The two gentlemen to whom were respectively allotted the parts of *Mergy* and *Comminge*—MM. Berger and Emon—were voiceless and histrionically incompetent; while M. Morreuil, voiceless as they, was about as humorous in *Cantarelli* as in the other comic parts he has attempted. When the orchestra "played up" in a trio, not a note from any one of these gentlemen could be distinguished. It was like pantomime; and yet all three were evidently singing their loudest and their worst. Mdlle. Céline Mathieu (*Nicette*) would be acceptable if she thought more of singing in tune than of captivating the audience by her glances. M. Bryon d'Orgeval (before whose slipshod style and wholly uncultivated voice a contemporary is prostrate in adoration) was *Girot*; and Mdlle. Helene Morel "made up" for *Marguerite de Navarre*. The Queen was worthy of the innkeeper, and *vice versa*. Through all this mediocrity the light of Mdlle. Fauré-Brière's talent shone, sparkled—blazed, indeed—like the sphere of Arcturus through the palid nucleus of Donati's comet. You could detect no spots in it. Let us, therefore, cease to criticise or censure Mdlle. Fauré until she is associated with a brighter galaxy of stars. It is fruitless testing her by the dullness of her fellows, who, for the most part, only act as foils. How could such an *Isabelle* be otherwise than acceptable under the circumstances?

On Monday the performances were stated to be for the benefit of Mdlle. Fauré, and the house was better attended than usual. After the opera there was a concert, in which a Belgian gentleman—a tenor (M. Depret)—not without talent, but excessively monotonous, tried the patience of the audience in three airs which, as he delivered them—although one was from Auber, another from Mozart—seemed interminable. M. Bryon d'Orgeval, too, afforded considerable amusement by his laborious exertions and strange facial contortions in the catalogue-song of *Leporello*. All was redeemed, however, by the surprising and occasionally graceful vocal achievements of Mdlle. Fauré, in some variations on the *Carnaval de Venise*, which further satisfied us that the means in possession of this lady are exceptional, and that she ought to be what she certainly is not at present—a thoroughly accomplished vocalist. This display, in many respects quite extraordinary, elicited a genuine "ovation."

Adolphe Adam's charming little opera of *Le Châlet* was to be produced last night as an after-piece. The next novelty of importance is to be Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment*, which was composed for and originally produced at the Paris Opéra Comique.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—At the third concert almost everything seemed to go wrong. The culminating point of "nervousness" was reached when a new part-song for male voices, by Mr. Frank Mori, "The bud is on the bough," had to be dealt with. And yet there was nothing very difficult to surmount. The break-down occurred in a passage of modulation on the words, "Wall'd up within the city's gloom," which, though including one or two progressions a little out of the ordinary way, ought hardly to have puzzled a choir, by some enthusiasts compared to the *Männergesangsverein* of Cologne. If Mr. Leslie and his singers are to be put out by the first modulation that occurs in a new part-song, they had better cede their laurels to the Vocal Association, or the Polyhymnian Choir. The second trial was no better than the first; but the conductor thought it prudent not to stop the performance a second time. The audience sat silent

and perplexed. At this concert was also introduced one of the two "prizes" of ten guineas, "offered by the Choir" in 1858, the judges being *anonymous*. That to anonymous adjudication no value whatever should be attached, was demonstrated by the Bacchanalian of Mr. C. E. Stephens, about as commonplace an effusion as could well be imagined. It was encored, however, as a matter of course. The other "prize" of ten guineas, voted to a Mr. Meaton, remains to be heard. A third novelty was a motet for *soprano and contralto (solo)*, with chorus and accompaniment of harp and organ—"I will extol thee, O God!"—the composition of Mr. Leslie himself. This was tolerably well executed, Misses Annie Cox and Leffer taking the principal voice parts, but did not appear to contain anything very new or very ingenious. It is to be feared that Mr. Leslie writes too much, or too readily. In either case he is entitled to a warning. Yet a fourth new introduction, and we have *not* done—Mr. G. B. Allen's part song, "Far from din of cities." What could have induced Mr. Leslie to admit such a piece of trivial insipidity as this? Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Loder, or Mr. John Barnett would have served him up something better, indifferent to a "prize" of ten guineas. To finish our catalogue of novelties, there was a trilogy of sacred part songs, by Herr Otto Goldschmidt—"Christmas," "The Passion," and "Easter"—all clever, though all somewhat dry and laboured. "The Passion," founded on a Lutheran chorale, and harmonised very skillfully, is perhaps the best of the three. The most interesting feature of the whole concert was Mendelssohn's "Ave Maria!" for tenor solo, with double choir and organ accompaniment—a most exquisite composition, which, although the tenor part was not well sung, nor the organ accompaniment very well played, afforded the utmost satisfaction. Surely Mr. Leslie might have made a better choice for his two pianists (Misses Cazaly and Hemming) than such threadbare trifling as the *concertante* duet on themes from *L'Etoile du Nord*. Mozart (not to name other composers) has written for two pianofortes—and has written music.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—The Paris Correspondent of *The Musical World* is in raptures at once more hearing Madame Alboni in the music of *Arsace*; and indeed, according to all the accounts which have reached us, it is neither the Assyrian Queen of Madame Penco, nor the *Assur* of Sig. Badiali, but the magnificent vocalisation of Alboni—"first of the first among the lady-singers of Europe" (Madame Jenny Goldschmidt Lind not excepted)—which has stamped the revival of *Semiramide* at the Italiens with a more than ordinary degree of interest. Rossini's music seems to be in the ascendant. *Motilda di Shabran*, another of his neglected works, has been revived, with Madame Penco, Madame Nantier Didiée and Sig. Zucchini in the principal parts. Meanwhile two "outsiders"—Madame Cambardi, and Sig. Galvani—appear to have achieved a tolerable *fiasco* in Verdi's *Ernani*. Sig. Galvani will be remembered as an incompetent light tenor, who failed to satisfy the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera, as *Nemorino* in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, some eight or ten years since. Lastly (to have done with Italian music abroad) a Mlle. Sarcolla has made her *début* as *Leonora* in the *Trovatore*. The *Révue et Gazette Musicale* informs us that this lady is a Hungarian, very young, hardly out of her pupillage in short; and that the public, taking her youth and inexperience into consideration, received her with marked indulgence. Mlle. Sarcolla is engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith for the Drury Lane Italian season. Are we again to have three Italian Operas?

While discussing foreign news we may remind a contemporary, who expresses some astonishment that M. Auber should be arranging one of the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven for orchestra, of a fact which he appears to ignore, viz., that this is not the great French composer's first essay of the kind—Handel's variations on the "Harmonious Blacksmith" having been submitted to a similar

ordeal. So long as such *jeux d'esprit* are not perpetuated, we can see no great harm in them. Depend upon it, such a master of instrumentation as M. Auber won't *hurt* the sonata. The same contemporary, by the way, has praised M. Berlioz' orchestral version of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*. Where is the difference? Letters from Paris announce the near advent of M. Gounod's *Faust*, the postponement till March of M. Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* (Qy. will March be April—April May—May June—June the Spring of 1860?), and the brilliant success obtained by M. Sainton, in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, both at the concert of the Société des Jeunes Artistes, and at his own benefit-concert in the Salle-Herz. M. Sainton has returned to England—not before he was wanted.

At the last Monday Popular Concert in St. James's Hall, M^{me}. Catherine Hayes and M^{me}. Anna Schulze-Bishop-Rivière both sang. Nevertheless, there being no Sims Reeves and no Arabella Goddard, the audience was less numerous than enthusiastic. A young pianist, Miss Elliott, essayed Weber's "*Invitation à la Valse*," beginning very well and ending very indifferently. She has come out too soon. M. Wieniawski is engaged for the next concert. We also read the welcome announcement, that the programme on the 14th is to be made out entirely from Mendelssohn's chamber music. The experiment is new and bold; that it may succeed must be the wish of all who desire to foster the public taste for healthy music.

The fiftieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birthday (Thursday, Feb. 3) was commemorated in the afternoon by Mr. Hullah, who gave a concert of orchestral music at St. Martin's Hall, and in the evening by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose announcement of the immortal *Elijah* brought an immense audience to Exeter Hall. We may at once state that *Elijah* was well executed on the whole, but not so well as we had a right to expect from the Society's forty-fifth performance. The *tempi* of the overture, and more than one of the choruses, were so absurdly fast, as to lead timorous persons to apprehend that Mr. Costa must be losing his control over the orchestra, or, at least, that self-possession which from the outset helped him to become one of the first, though certainly not the first, of "classical" conductors. Among the principal singers (who all did their best), were M^{me}. Ruedersdorf, Misses Dolby and Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti. A gigantic bust of Mendelssohn stood on a pedestal in front of the orchestra, to be contemplated by the audience while the performance went on—so that the personality of Mr. Costa was hidden from view all the evening. Of Mr. Hullah's commemoration-concert it is enough to say that his orchestra was admirable, and the performance for the most part excellent. The programme included the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Ruy Blas*, the second pianoforte concerto—pianist, Herr Pauer—and the Symphony in A minor, the so-called "Scotch," and veritable "No. 4."† The concerto in D Minor is not by any means suited to Herr Pauer. This strenuous pounder of harmonious ivories can be ponderous but not playful; and as the last movement of the concerto—"presto scherzando"—in the midst of its mechanical difficulties, is always the very essence of playfulness, Herr Pauer was completely "*desorienté*"—a stranded whale; or, as a contemporary on a recent occasion more appositely expressed it, "like *Bottom* among the fairies." Nor did Herr Pauer exhibit his accustomed manual dexterity, making sad havoc with the interminable groups of arpeggios with which

* *Elijah* was first produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1846, and first performed in Exeter Hall during the following spring (1847), Mendelssohn himself conducting on both occasions.

† Why concert-givers, at home and abroad, persist in calling the "A Major" symphony—composed for the Philharmonic Society many years before the "A Minor" saw the light—"No. 4," we are at a loss to guess. Mendelssohn wrote only four symphonies; and the "A Minor" was the last.

the "*cantilena*" of this self-same exquisite movement is throughout accompanied. In short, the music of Mendelssohn is altogether too delicate for the iron grasp of our wide-handed Tonton.

As reports have been circulated (and even printed) about the transfer of the leasehold of Her Majesty's Theatre to the indefatigable Mr. E. T. Smith, it is as well to state that nothing of the kind has taken place; and that, owing to reasons which we may discuss hereafter, all negotiations between Lord Ward and the Drury Lane manager have come to an end. Meanwhile, it is stated that Mr. Smith has engaged Mlle. Tietjens.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony (No. 9), seems to attract more and more attention every year. It is already announced for performance by Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, and by Dr. Wylde (at the New Philharmonic Concerts).

Letters from Manchester confirm the reports of the local papers, that Miss Arabella Goddard's first appearance at the Gentlemen's Concerts was a perfect triumph. She played Hummel's *Rondo Russe*, which had never been heard in Manchester before; and in the second part a brilliant *fandango* by Thalberg, which was unanimously encored.

NEW NOVELS.

Oceola. By Captain Mayne Reid. (Hurst & Blackett.)

CAPTAIN REID is a sort of Walter Scott of the West. He contrives to mingle history with fiction with such a power of blending, that it is almost impossible for his reader to know where the one ends and the other begins. Without professedly writing an historical novel, he has sown the events of history in this book along with the stirring adventures of imaginary personages, that the two have grown up together under the fostering influence of his pen into a very pretty crop of variegated flowers, in which the original seed of each is scarcely to be distinguished. So neatly is all this dovetailing managed that we remain at last in a state of puzzle as to the reality of the Captain's hero, *Oceola*. The son of an English father by a half-caste mother, Edward Powell, the young hero of the tale, clings to the birthright bestowed upon him by his maternal parent, and follows her fortunes, as is the custom of the Red Indian tribes. When he appears as *Oceola*, the Indian Chief, and bears a notable part in the historical events upon which the story is based, we are so led onwards by the seeming truth of his prominent position and the life-like reality of his appearance on the stage of history, that, although a little bewildered as to his identity, we are inclined to accept him as something more than a fictitious personage. We have hunted, however, among the records of Indian warfare with the invading forces of the United States, and find no mention either of Edward Powell, or of *Oceola*, the Red Chief, as a personage of historical name; and we fear, therefore, that we must class the striking young hero among the other creations of the author's brain, thereby, however, giving him the merit of having raised our doubts by his power of stereoscopic a phantom into an embodiment bearing all the appearance of real flesh and blood.

The scene of Captain Mayne Reid's book is laid in Florida; and, although it commences with some scenes of striking adventure and "palspitating interest" at a somewhat earlier period, it is upon the war of the Indian possessors of the soil with its wily invaders from the north, that the main portion of the story is made to bear. When compelled to depart, for a few pages, from his ingenious dovetailing process to give the reader a clearer insight into the historical and political position of the "men and things" with which he deals, and prove his assertion, that his "writing is in truth a history," the author gives a clear and succinct account of the history of Florida, from the cession of the territory by Spain in 1821 to the outbreak with the Indians in 1832. He traces the gradual conflict with the "pale-faced usurpers," who were "moving down from the north;" the sad story of covenant "solemnly

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made, and solemnly sworn to," which guaranteed the right of the Seminole tribes to her soil, but "shamefully broken," upon the principle that "covenants between the strong and weak are things of convenience, to be broken whenever the former wills it;" and the formal declaration of the "Great Father" of the United States, that the Seminoles must be dispossessed and remove to other lands. "You will not go willingly? Be it so. We are strong; you are weak; we shall force you," was "the spirit of the reply which Jackson made to the Seminoles," when they resisted the proposition, and refused to leave the land of their birth and their love. Pretences were to be found to dispossess them—provocations which would justify intervention (the old-new story in many other lands nearer home!) were to be invented. And *ruse* was to be employed to get rid of the obstructive covenant. The plan of the "crafty commissioner" appointed to the task was as follows: "Call the head men together, cajole them out of it. The chiefs are human, they are poor, some of them are drunkards. Bribes will go far, firewater still farther. Make a new treaty, with a double construction. The ignorant savages will not understand it. Obtain their signatures:—the thing is done!" From this point, to which the author brings his brief historical record, he again plunges into his interesting fiction: and the historical portion of the story is thenceforth mainly occupied with the wily treacheries and lying breaches of faith on the part of the American commissioners, the defection of the traitor chiefs, the passive resistance of the great chief Omalta, the active and spirited resistance of the young hero Ogeola (as far as his intervention, in the character of the type of the resisting Indian, may be called *historical*), and the outbreak of the war.

Adroitly interwoven with all the incidents of the councils, the treaty "palavers," the final resistance of the Indians, and the desultory struggles in battle, are fictitious adventures manifold—love adventures—adventures of rivalry and duel—adventures in forest and in fort—adventures of peril and despair—adventures of hairbreadth escapes from fire, poison, and sword—from the assassin's rifle, and the treacherous Indian's scalping knife. And, although a few chapters of the opening of the third volume, detailing further historical facts connected with the war, such as the murder of several officers near Fort King during a banquet on Christmas day, the annihilation of Major Dade's boastful expedition, well known as "Dade's Massacre," the battle of Onithlacoochee, and other events, read again somewhat more like a chronicle than incident dexterously dovetailed into a work of fiction, yet they are brief, well written, and full of soul-stirring interest. Nor does the author enter into any elaborate detail of all the "failures and mishaps," by which no less than seven American generals "were successively beaten at the game of Indian warfare by the Seminoles and their wily chieftains," and by which Florida was destined to prove to them "a land of melancholy remembrances."

It is very evident throughout his story that the sympathies of the author are entirely on the Indian side of the question. His tale appears certainly under the autobiographical form of a record of the adventures of a certain young officer, George Randolph by name, who, were it not for the more striking figure of Ogeola, might be legitimately looked upon as the hero of his own tale. But we do not suppose that Captain Mayne Reid will decline the responsibility of the sentiments which he has put into the mouth of his fictitious autobiographer. When an author enlists all the sympathies of his readers for one class of personages in a work of fiction we may fairly presuppose that his own heart has been at work to communicate, by the magnetism of authorship, with the hearts of those for whom he writes. We conclude, then, that he will gladly indorse such sentiments as those we find, p. 224, Vol. I. "Nations are like individuals," moralises the imaginary Mr. George Randolph. "To please them you must be as wicked as they, feel the same sentiment, or speak it—which will serve as well—

affect like loves and hates; in short, yield up independence of thought, and cry 'crucify' with the majority. This is the world's man, the patriot of the time. He who draws his deductions from the fountain of truth, and would try to stem the senseless current of a people's pre-judgment, will never be popular during his life. Posthumously he may, but not on this side the grave."

We have said that this is a novel of adventure. In the multiplicity of its adventures, by which the highest possible excitement is created, it may be said, indeed, to need a little repose. We are hurried from one scene of breathless interest to another with a rapidity that sometimes makes us gasp. But, unlike the mere general tale of adventure, it has a plot, a well-constructed plot, a plot full of all the mysteries necessary to keep the reader gently on the rack of doubt or suspense, a plot which only reaches its final *dénouement* just at the proper time, and in a manner to satisfy the reader who does require or desire unmitigated happiness for all his heroes and heroines. We are of those old-fashioned novel readers, who, far from skipping at once to the last pages, feel indignant when the pleasure of a surprise or the continuity of interest is frustrated or destroyed by uncalculated communications from an ill-advised friend who has read the book before us. We will refrain, therefore, from a spirit of sympathy in such matters, from entering into any details of the plot of "Ogeola." Suffice it to say, that the interest is maintained to the last. Without in any way following upon the track of the "Swiss Robinson Crusoe," Captain Mayne Reid has very ingeniously contrived to turn description of southern scenery, and a complete kaleidoscope of local colouring, to the direct purposes of his tale. Even the beasts of the field and monsters of the deep are cleverly introduced to bear their own interesting parts in the adventures of the autolographer, and the fortunes of the personages with whom he is concerned.

One other word. In speaking of Captain Mayne Reid as a Sir Walter Scott of the West, we did not mean to recommend his being so close a copyist in some respects. His mad Indian Queen, Haj Ewa, who forms one of the most striking of the personages employed in the development of the tale, is little more than a transcript of Madge Wildfire in an Indian costume, with snatches of Indian songs instead of Scotch, while his "pale-faced" heroine (for there is the usual distribution of one dark and one fair heroine in the story) is but another Di Vernon, whose dashy manner is apt to degenerate into the "slangy" in her style of conversation, and who is American enough to think a little trickery, amounting almost to deliberate falsehood, in effecting a good purpose, all fair in love as well as war. A little more direct honesty of purpose in the means by which he makes his escape might also have been contrived to the greater advantage of our respect for the sympathetic hero, Ogeola. But perhaps the advantages of "*doing*" your neighbour (we do not mean as you would be done by), are traits of local colouring necessary to strict truth of character on American ground. However, we are not inclined to cavil much at such little defects in a work of fiction, to which the epithet "novel" can in many respects be so appropriately applied, and which combines so much intense interest with so much incidental and unobtrusive historical information.

Struggles in Falling. By Henry John Lester. (Bentley.)

SUPERSTITION (or whatever else you like to call it) will always continue to supply some of the most attractive elements of fiction to the novel-writer; but of late years it has assumed very different forms, and has found itself compelled, like its betters, to fall in with the march of progress and the spirit of the times. We very seldom now have a ghost of the good old Monk Lewis school, and the devil is as much out of fashion, in a romantic point of view, as knee-breeches, buckles, and powder. Yet the literature of fiction of the present day is not without its mysterious intimations and its Satanic tempters

of the virtuous; only now we go to animal magnetism and the Od force, to clairvoyance, and to scoffing preachers of materialism, for our seemingly supernatural effects and our diabolical agents. And the change is by no means injudicious. The old ground was worn out, at least for the present; and the new ground has many features of attraction besides its novelty. The powers assumed by mesmerism, whether real or false—the Fate-like coercion of one human being by another—the mystery of the magnetic trances, and the obscure revelations of distant objects and future events made by the somnambulist—are full of the raw material of romance. The guesses of modern science have thus added to the stores of the novelist; and the spectre of the bloody sheet must recognise a powerful rival in the modern clairvoyante.

Mr. Lester has made striking use of this element in the story lying before us. The wicked agent in his tale is a man named Douglass, who mingles Scotch and Spanish blood in his veins, and is a wonderful hand at animal magnetism, besides having credit for the possession of an "evil eye," which, previous to the commencement of the narrative, has already wrought the death of one man by its resistless and malignant influence. This unamiable individual is a thorough materialist in principle, believing in nothing but in intellectual power and blind destiny, totally devoid of any human emotions of compassion or love, pursuing his purposes with a calm, pitiless strength of will, like an embodied Fate, yet capable of inspiring a certain passive fascination, and even regard, in those whom he has resolved to lure to their destruction. He is the shadow walking by the side of Charles Vescey, a gentleman of a sceptical turn of mind, yet not without a dreamy and mystical faith of his own. In this character the author desires us to see one of those men in whom the principles of good and evil are neatly balanced until, after a long and awful struggle, one or the other predominates. Circumstances, and the influence of Douglass, give the victory, in the case of Vescey, to the bad part of his nature. He has, inadvertently, while acting charades in Scotland, fallen into a legal marriage with a forbidding and not very juvenile spinster; and, though he never recognises her as his wife, he is tied from contracting any other marriage until the death of the Scotch lady, as much after his return from England as while he remained in the north. But it is not long before he falls passionately in love with Agnes Delmar, who is equally attached to him. He resolves on stifling his passion; but it bursts forth at length, and he is obliged to explain the terrible clog which prevents his fulfilling the dictates of his heart. So Charles Vescey and Agnes Delmar agree to love one another "Platonically," and the gentleman promises that, should Agnes ever wish to marry another, he will resign her without a murmur. By-and-by a suitor appears, and is accepted, the lady still adoring her first love; and Vescey gives way after some struggling. But, when he finds that this rival is shortly dismissed for another, whose offer seems more eligible, and when he sees that Agnes, though tenderly affectionate for a time, has a fickle nature, or at best a weak one, his love is changed to bitterness, and, stimulated by the Satanic suggestions of Douglass, he establishes a terrible influence over the girl—an influence which he partly exercises to torture her with shame and remorse. Nevertheless, the old love lingers yet, and, a few nights before the contemplated marriage with the second accepted suitor, Vescey and Agnes elope for the continent, where they live as man and wife, until the poor girl dies in giving birth to her first child. Only just before this closing scene Vescey learns that the recent death of his so-called wife in Scotland has left him once more a free man.

The plot here traced out is new and ingenious, and is in itself calculated to excite the reader's attention; yet "*Struggles in Falling*" is not so much a novel as a psychological study. Its main power consists in the remarkable subtlety and cruel analytical perception with which the complications of human character are dissected, and

the mysteries of passion are laid bare. In this small volume there is more knowledge of the muffled throbings of the heart, of the inner entanglement of motives underlying the specious external shows of social intercourse, than in whole cartloads of the ordinary stock of circulating libraries. Mr. Lester looks with painful intentness, as a sleep-walker might do, past the visible shapes of things around him, into some central region of morbid, yet acute, speculation. The result, of course, is power; but the power is unhealthy and repellant. This torturing of nature into revealing the most hidden secrets of her emotions—this remorseless chasing of thought and passion to their ultimate springs and first suggestions—is a doubtful use of intellectual insight at the best, and is of very questionable tendency when, as in this book, the object is to find a bad motive at the bottom of most human actions. Mr. Lester seems, as a rule, to regard the nature of his fellow-creatures as a thing of innate wickedness, gradually ripening into consummate villany. The only good person of any importance in his tale is the feeble character of Gerard O'More; and he is speedily removed, as too virtuous for earth. Mr. Lester pins some living agony of love or grief to his dissecting board, and cuts it to pieces, writhing, before our eyes. He tracks a passion from its first conception to its final change, or death, with a keen, unwavering watchfulness over its minutest manifestations, and with very little belief in its containing anything but cleverly-disguised selfishness. Yet the morality of the story, notwithstanding all its strangeness of development, is conventional and poor. The lesson really conveyed is against the Scotch marriage law.

The early portions of the tale are inferior to the middle and latter parts. The style (at all times fantastic and Germanesque) is at first somewhat feeble, feminine, and transmitted, and the conduct of the story fragmentary and abrupt; but the hand of the writer becomes strong and masculine as he proceeds, and picturesqueness of description alternates with burning satire and elaborate development of character. And, side by side with the dialogue of the action, there often runs a strange cynical, mocking commentary of the author's own. The scene at the clairvoyante's is a striking instance of what may be done with "the night side" of every-day life; indeed, the whole volume is pervaded with a singular and not very pleasant mingling of the wild and the familiar. But we must warn the writer against his habit of constantly and unnecessarily resorting to French phrases, which is the more disagreeable when coupled with an occasional disregard of English grammar. Mr. Lester has produced a work of mark, but we hope to meet him next time on less equivocal grounds.

The Verneys; or, Chaos Dispelled. A Tale of Genius and Religion. By Miss Caroline Mary Smith. (Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

RELIGIOUS novels have appeared in such numbers of late, that if we have many more of them, we shall begin to think that they will have to be regarded as one of the literary characteristics of the age. Here is another to be added to the list, for though the title states that this is "a tale of genius and religion," it is much more a tale of religion than of genius, and indeed in the preface the authoress states her purpose to be "to build a superstructure of three component parts, first, the natural talent and ability which are an inheritance from the birth; secondly, the fair morality which of itself enhances the earlier gift of God; thirdly, the religious element which perfects those anterior elements in the character of Gabriel Verney." Gabriel Verney was a boy born of poor parents, who resided in France in the village of Chamound, in the department of the Loire, and along with the rest of his family he was employed in lace making. He was a singular boy having no affection for, or sympathy with, his parents, and never mixing in play with the other children of the neighbourhood. But he had an intense desire to learn; and when he was fourteen years of age, he easily prevailed

upon a monk belonging to a neighbouring monastery to teach him to read, though the only time he could spare for the purpose was from half-past two to half-past five in the morning. He had scarcely learned to read, however, when the monk died suddenly, and having thus lost the only being that he loved, Gabriel runs away without knowing whither he is going. He arrived at Lyons, and while standing in the streets of that city, destitute, and not knowing which way to turn or what to do, he is knocked down and run over by a carriage. He is conveyed to the hospital of St. Denis, where he remains three months; and he is there visited by the Duc de Montreuil, whose carriage it was which had run over him. The Duc takes to the boy, and sends him to an academy, but fate a second time deprives Gabriel of his friend, who is killed by an accident. He runs away again, this time to Paris, where he obtains employment in the establishment of a picture dealer; and after the lapse of some years, during which time he sedulously pursues his studies, he removes to London, where he continues in the same business; and eventually he marries the daughter of his employer, with whom he obtains a fortune of 50,000*l*. It is this portion of the tale, which relates to the ability and success of Gabriel Verney, that, we presume, has induced the authoress to describe it as a tale of genius. But its other title is the more strictly correct. The religious element, indeed, runs through the whole of the book. Looking at this work, not in a religious but in a literary point of view, we are bound to say that it deserves some commendation. The character of Gabriel Verney is well conceived and consistently maintained throughout the whole work. Some of the subsidiary characters, too, and especially that of Hector Carew, Florence's lover, who is the Senior Wrangler of his year and becomes a bishop, are likewise ably depicted. The story, moreover, is well constructed.

The Woman Hater; or, True and Feigned. A Dramatic Tale. By Captain A. F. Clarence. (James Blackwood.)

CAPTAIN CLARENCE addresses the reader as—"You, Sir, who travel first-class, and have just tipped the railway porter, who is strictly forbidden to receive money;" he speaks of the heroine of his story as robed in "a morning costume in the height of the prevailing fashion (which in all distinctive features—we refer to the voluminous folds of the dress—differed but little from the present);" and he describes a man of "gentlemanly exterior," as possessed of whiskers of the "required catfish length." From these symptoms we conclude that the manners of the present age, modern dress, style of conversation, and social observances, are the subject of illustration. How, then, are we to account for the incident of the hero starting off in company with a fire-eating Irish captain of the old school, early one morning, to fight a duel on Hampstead Heath? Surely this anachronism is a little too startling. But, going somewhat deeper, we meet with occurrences even more incongruous. The hero of the story, Edward Mordaunt, is introduced to us as a man of fine faculties and generous impulses, who is capable of the unusual and Quixotic self-sacrifice of giving up a part of his income—secretly—in order to maintain, in increased comfort and luxury, a young lady, with whom he is passionately in love, and her wordily-minded mamma. He continues this extraordinary, and it must be added, very difficult act of devotedness—considering how liable the scheme is to be detected—merely to see this *inamoratata* enjoy, what she could not have done, the pleasures of the gay metropolis. The effect of this indulgence is to make her, under the apt teaching of her mother, a heartless flirt. She cuts Mr. Mordaunt, when the bank breaks, in a cool neat speech of some page and a-half; and what becomes of the maintenance we do not afterwards learn. But to the reader's surprise, Mordaunt, who was naturally happier, would congratulate himself on being free from so worthless a creature—on the contrary flies

into a paroxysm of rage and frenzy, and breaking suddenly off in the middle of a bitter harangue, staggers and falls headlong in a fit "bearing with him to the floor," another young lady, who happens to be standing by. Now that this at all resembles the course of human nature, we beg leave to doubt. Men of sense and feeling may be blinded by passion or artifice, but when their eyes are opened, they don't break into spasmodic such as are never seen off the boards of the Surrey or the Adelphi. But worse than this, Mordaunt, though described as a man of quick perceptions and high moral sensitiveness, fails to see that there is a worthy young lady devotedly attached to him, close by his side, to be had for the asking; but in despair abandons himself to every kind of profligacy, finally ruining himself and the girl whose happiness is bound up in his fortunes. In tracing the impossibilities of this narrative, we have asked ourselves: can the writer be describing life as he has witnessed it, or is he projecting *a priori* a chain of events for some valuable or beneficial purpose? It is difficult to say. If the novel be meant to point a moral, we cannot say that we have found it in this career of the principal character; nor even in all cases where the writer himself addresses the reader *proprio personâ*. He tells us at p. 216, that "to a mind constituted like Mordaunt's there is no crime so fearful in its influence as the infidelity of woman; not infidelity according to the vulgar acceptance—infringement of the marriage vow—but infidelity to a lover, an infraction of the most solemn of all engagements," &c. This reads rather like an inversion of ordinary rules of morality. On parting with the reader, the author says he hopes he may venture again to take him by the button. We sincerely trust he may; but in the meantime we also venture to recommend to Captain Clarence that he should present to us servant girls and old maids, no less than young ladies and gentlemen, rather more according to nature and truth than he has already done. Otherwise, if his books be read at all, it must be by classes of persons whose tastes and judgment in literature are not worth consulting.

SHORT NOTICES.

Half Hours with the Microscope. Illustrated from Nature by Tuffen West. (R. Hardwicke.) This is a popular guide to the use of the microscope. Eight plates, comprising 240 objects, supply the student, juvenile, or otherwise, with ample materials for examination; but there are besides numerous practical directions in that behalf. We commend the work, for the author has succeeded in making it what he intended, "a means of instruction and amusement."

Memorials of Christian Martyrs in the Indian Rebellion. By the Rev. W. Owen. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) The title and the execution of this work are alike over-strained. Mr. Owen in the fervour of his zeal, has misapprehended the character of the Indian Rebellion. It was not a religious persecution; it was a political rising. Some of the converted natives endured troubles at the hands of their countrymen, and numerous missionaries encountered perils and even death. Yet in neither case was it on account of the faith that was in them; but in the one, because they were faithful to British rule, and in the other because they were Feringhees. "Martyrs and confessors" they certainly were not in the common acceptation. At all events, Mr. Owen's "Book of Martyrs" is a very indifferent production under an exaggerated and presuming designation.

The Wars of the Roses; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. Edgar. (W. Kent & Co.) We are generally disposed to regard with a favourable eye the publication of histories of particular epochs, especially when the events have had an enduring effect upon the political condition of the country in which they have happened. We are so disposed because such books, being more interesting in their character than general histories, possess an attraction, especially to the young, which causes them to be read, while their perusal is likely to induce a more extensive study of

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history. There are few epochs in the history of this country which the historian is more justified in treating separately than that in which the Wars of the Roses are comprised. The incidents are romantic, the results great and lasting. Mr. Edgar has avowedly written this book for boys. There is nothing puerile however in his treatment of the subject. The events are well narrated, but the author seems to have imagined that he was writing a romance rather than a veritable history; and he would have made the work more valuable, as a history, though perhaps not so attractive, if he had been a little more prosaic, a little more precise as to dates, instead of aiming, so much at dramatic effect.

The Examination Papers, &c., of the Oxford Middle Class Examinations, and The Delegates' Report on the same to Convocation. (J. H. Parker.) As we hope soon to introduce a paper specially devoted to the review of this subject, we shall do no more at present than barely call attention to these documents. The Report of the Delegates is gloomy, in so far as the proficiency of the lads is concerned. All, excepting the higher honour classes, did poorly. But, from another point of view, this is the very best apology for the scheme itself, which is founded on the assumption, now proved to be true, that the Middle Schools are in a very defective state. The papers are admirably set, and, as a great deal was said by some of our contemporaries about the unusual severity of the Preliminary Examination, we will quote the following paragraph which takes especially notice of the gentlemen who conducted it:

"A month before the time of examination the Delegates proceeded to nominate Examiners. They were fortunate enough to secure for the Preliminary examination, upon which the greatest stress was laid, the services of Mr. Sandford of the Council Office, and Mr. Walrond of the Civil Service Commission Office. These gentlemen have probably had larger experience than any others in England of examinations in subjects similar to those required as Preliminary in the Regulations. Mr. Sandford has been for many years acquainted with the examination of Pupil Teachers, who may be considered in some degree to supply a standard of what can be done by boys of the prescribed ages. Mr. Walrond has a principal share in conducting the examination of candidates for admission to the Civil Service. The other examiners were gentlemen whose names are well known, and in themselves a sufficient guarantee to the public that the University was attaching importance to the work."

The Doctrine of Christian Baptism. (Longman, London; May, High Street, Taunton.) This admirable little pamphlet contains the substance of three sermons, preached at St. Mary's, Taunton, and we strongly recommend it to the notice of that large body among the clergy whose ideas about baptism are disturbed and unsettled. The tone of the tract is clear, temperate, and convincing. The line of argument is very much the same as that pursued by Professor Harold Browne in his work on the "Articles." And it is distinctly shown that half the bickerings and ill-feelings on the subject of "Regeneration" arise from the fertile source of a misconception of the terms used.

Sermons. By the Rev. W. J. Brock, B.A., Incumbent of Hayfield, Derbyshire. (James Blackwood.) This is a second edition of Mr. Brock's sermons, the re-appearance of which is evidence enough of their having met with approval. But they are just the sort of sermons to be re-issued for the best of reasons, namely, for the good they are likely to effect. These are no harangues, *ad clerum*, still less are they "popular" discourses in the vicious sense of the term. They are, rather, sermons which seek the good of the bulk of a congregation in a wise and earnest way, and, for that reason, they are such as congregations in the long run like and approve.

The Christian Statesman and our Indian Empire. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, B.A. (Macmillan.) This is the work of a thoroughly able young man. Mr. Maclear is the bearer of four Cambridge distinctions, having won the Carus, the Burney, the Hulsean, and now the Maitland prizes. It was our fortune, not long ago, to examine his Hulsean Essay, and to point out a want of broad conception, and a considerable weakness in the style and general execution. If this was the case then, however, the present effort is entirely exempt from

faults such as these. The "legitimate sphere of government countenance and aid, in the promotion of Christianity in India," has been clearly and temperately defined. Coercion is shown to be impossible on a right conception of Christianity, and the persuasion of example is upheld and strongly enforced by a reference to Lord Stanley's Addiscombe address. Whewell, Whately, Arnold, Montalembert, and many other celebrated or useful authorities are made to speak in a full and interesting appendix.

On the Draft of New Statutes for Trin. Coll. Camb. By George B. Airy, A.M., Astronomer-Royal. (Deighton & Bell.) Mr. Airy writes as a Trinity man, and as a strong Conservative in University matters. But his *esprit du corps* only confirms, and does not suggest the opinion which he expresses on the proposals of the Commission. He remarks on two or three points only, the most important of which are (1), the proposed throwing open of the Trinity Fellowships to all graduates of the University of not more than three years' standing, and (2), the proposed election to the Scholarships of persons who either have not commenced residence, or are only in their first term. The scholars are at present chosen from men who have reached their second year at least; and the change would fatally deteriorate, as Mr. Airy believes, the moral and intellectual tone of the scholars as a body, than whom "there is nowhere to be found a finer set of students." Raw schoolboys would be elected, instead of men who have, under the discipline of the first year, established to a great extent their moral and intellectual line. The objection to the radical change in the Fellowship system seems equally sound. In proportion as Fellowships are thrown open, the connection between a College and its students will be destroyed; and the excitement of competition, already perhaps too high, will become a fatal evil. A similar ground was taken, and the objection very fully and minutely put, by Mr. Latham, in a Cambridge pamphlet on the general "Fellowship" question, published some time ago. Mr. Airy's view of the suggested changes is of course the view taken by his College generally; but it is also taken substantially, by almost all those who are best able to judge of present University requirements.

Terramoto; or, the Earthquake and Eruption. (Saunders & Otley.) When will silly women leave off writing unmeaning books? And what are the golden mysteries which can induce publishers to put forth such utter trash, as, for instance, this anonymous "Terramoto?" What sin has poor reading human nature committed against the writing world, that it should be oppressed by such punishments as these? Punishments as bad in their way as the old pitfalls covered with flowers; for who, on opening a book on Naples and the earthquake, would expect to fall into a fit of such deadly dullness as this. O Women, Wives, and Daughters of England, that you would but think, observe, and reason more, and write a very great deal less! What heavy burdens would be taken off the souls in bondage to the circulating libraries, if our countrywomen would only be kind enough to travel abroad without writing stupid books on their return, or look quietly at their own little section of life, without embodying their experiences in novels with a purpose! For the authoress of "Terramoto," by the help of short paragraphs, handsome margins, what the profane call "fat" intercalary fly leaves, and the rest of a well-instructed printer's aids, just manages to vapour to the two hundred and forty-fourth page. But the nut and kernel, and radiating point—the earthquake, which she cannot describe—and the eruption, which she cannot paint—occupy only twenty-two pages: twenty-two pages of mildly-flowing, incessant, lady-like inanity, dripping like water upon sand, useful and gainful to neither gods nor men. Story our fair friend has none; pictures she has none; information, novelty, local colouring, keen perceptions, passionate thoughts, or poetic imagery—of all these mental qualities, one or more of

which is surely needful for an authoress's stock in trade—she has not the faintest shadow or holding; but grinds out her distressing little volume with about as much of living worth in it, as the organ-grinder has of the divinity of music, or the Buddhist's praying machine of the aspirations and sorrows of humanity.

The History of Moses Wimble. A Prose, Dramatic, and Lytical Epic. Written by Himself. (Skeet.) The author of this book has dedicated it, we do not know why, to "the writers to the general press," but we fear those gentlemen will hardly appreciate the honour. In his dedication, he says:

"The motto of the press,
That is the motto of the fourth estate
Is as it were this:
To uphold the right, to right the oppressed;
Shape out the path of truth, down with the fool;
To raise merit, true art, and all true worth;
Crush the unworthy."

We object not to the motto, except that its language is rather strong. Speaking for ourselves we do not like to designate any author as "a fool;" and when, as unfortunately we sometimes do, we meet with such a character, we are not disposed to cry "down with him;" nor should we find pleasure in crushing any one, even the unworthy. It is more in accordance with our feelings "to raise merit, true art, and all true worth," where we find them. But in this book we find none of these. There is no plot worthy of the name, nor is there an interesting passage in it excepting the trial of Moses's uncle, a clergyman, for forgery. Indeed, the work consists mainly of foolish conversation, which is made to introduce fragments of songs and ballads, some of which are sad doggerel. Some few passages there are which show that the author is capable of better things, but judging of the book as a whole, we think an observation of the author's singularly applicable to himself. "Oh 'tis bad, bad! A man should have more respect for himself than to rush into print so needlessly."

Explanations of the Bible and Prayer-Book. By Richard Whately, D.D. (Parker.) This admirable tract contains the substance of Charges delivered by Archbishop Whately in 1857 and 1858. In ninety small pages, and with his peculiar felicity of style, the author has thrown together a most useful set of observations on the way in which the Bible and Prayer-Book should be treated by a minister in his relation to his parishioners. The following extract well represents the entire scope of the volume:

"If, then, we would be indeed followers of Christ and his Apostles, and would lead our people to be so, we must address them as rational Beings; not, indeed, reckoning mere intellectual culture (which the Apostles did not) as the sole, or the chief, or the ultimate object, but as an indispensable means towards our end, if that end is to be, well-directed piety, and not any wild and perhaps noxious superstition."

More need not be said on a work so easily to be procured, and coming from so wise and practised a writer. We will only add Dr. Whately's general remarks on the moot point of a "revised version" of the Bible:

"I will take this occasion of remarking that I see insuperable objections to anything that could with propriety be called a *New Version*. Any one, indeed, who delights in special-pleading subtleties may perhaps choose to insist that the alteration of a single word constitutes a *new version*; or, on the other hand, he may contend that great and important changes in nearly half the words in the book, constitute merely a *revised and corrected version*. But speaking in conformity to ordinary usage, I would say that it would be undesirable to have the language of our Version modernised, except in those few instances where the partial obsolescence (already alluded to) of certain words, causes obscurity, or mistake as to the sense. And I should be sorry to see any changes made respecting which there could be differences of opinion among persons entitled to respect. But some points there are, on which it seems impossible that any doubt could (in the present day) exist, and in which accordingly changes might be introduced without offending or alarming any reasonable person;—changes very small indeed in amount and in absolute magnitude, but not of small advantage."

Among the minor publications of the week is one upon the great dinner controversy, which we presume our contemporary the *Times* will summarily close now that St. Stephen's Palace at Westminster will supply more important matters

for discussion. It is entitled *Nothing to eat; or, Dinners at Bangkok and Dinners à la Russe*, and it is a luminous epistle in verse "from Lady Betty in Town to Miss Letty in the Country." In the *nom de plume* of "Nectarine Sunnyside," we are much mistaken if we do not recognise the practised hand of a well-known and very much liked versifier. We have received Mr. Miall's republications from the *Nonconformist* of his eight letters to the Earl of Shaftesbury on *The Fixed and the Voluntary Principles*, the object of which is to show that the fixed principle, instead of being harmonious with, is antagonistic to, the voluntary principle, and that it has been a fruitful source of the difficulties with which the Church of England has to contend. Mr. Toulmin Smith has sent us his Inaugural Address, delivered at the first meeting of the Geologists' Association; it is entitled "*The Finding of True Facts*," and it is a most valuable paper worthy the attention of non-scientific as well as scientific men. Dr. Adam of Boston has translated the *Eloge* pronounced before the University of Berlin by Professor Virchow on Johann Müller, the eminent physiologist, and it has been published by Messrs. Sutherland & Knox, of Edinburgh. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the first part of Mr. Montgomery Martin's most elaborate examination of the *Rise and Progress of the Indian Mutiny*. It is preceded by a letter to Lord Stanley. It is a suggestive work, and we have no doubt it will produce important effects upon public opinion. Messrs. Kent & Co. have published *The Literary and Educational Year Book for 1859*. It is the first attempt of the kind, and it is most ably executed. We have ourselves found it exceedingly useful for purposes of reference.

The first of the month has brought with it the usual serials. We may in the first instance mention the *Englishman's Journal*, because it supplies some interesting particulars respecting Isa Craig, the fortunate poetess who carried away the Prize Poem at the Crystal Palace celebration of the Burns Centenary. Introducing a new poem by this lady, called "The Ballad of the Brides of Quair," the Editor says:

"She is a Scotch woman and a native of Edinburgh. While very young she became connected with the chief Scottish paper, the *Scotsman*, to which she contributed charming poems, reviews, and occasionally an essay on graver social matters. A volume of these poems was collected, dedicated to Mr. Ritchie, the proprietor of the *Scotsman*, ever her kind and firm friend, and was published by Blackwood under the unassuming title of "Poems by Isa." It had an extensive circulation in Scotland, and the poems are marked by great sweetness and elegance, and the promise of that power now so finely developed. In the present *Ode* we see the sympathetic fullness of a mind and memory to which all the details of the Poet's life, and all the characteristics of his genius have been familiar from infancy. It is doubly fitting that a Scotch woman should have won the prize. In August, 1857, she came to visit a friend in London, and while here, on what was intended to be but a passing sojourn, was engaged by Mr. Hastings to assist him in the organisation of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, then about to meet for the first time in Birmingham. In this work she has continued ever since, acting as a secretary under Mr. Hastings; and the Association, which has gained laurels from every quarter, and comprises the worthiest men and women in the kingdom, owes no little to the energy and unwearying industry, carried down to the driest and most minute details, of this young Scotch lady. We would particularly mention the second thick volume of "Transactions" shortly to be published, which has been condensed, arranged and revised by her unremitting assistance during many past weeks. It is a splendid instance of a profound truth which our poets in general are very slow to appreciate: that what enlarges the mind and strengthens the character adds also to the special power."

Among the other Magazines and Serials upon our table are *Blackwood's*, *Fraser's*, *The Eclectic*, *The Gentleman's*, *Titan*, *The National*, *The Amateur's*, *The Pharmaceutical Journal*, *The Follet*, *The Hurst Johansons*, *The Unitarian Pulpit*, *The Wild Flowers of England*, *The Natural History Review*, *The Irish Quarterly Review*, &c., &c.

Mr. Murray has just issued the first part of his complete edition of Lord Byron's *Poetical Works*. It leaves nothing to desire in excellence or price. The first part of Mr. Charles Knight's *English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences* has been published this week by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans; and from the same house we have the

37th number of the *Popular History of England*, and the 16th part of Mr. Thackeray's *Virginians*. From Messrs. Longmans we have received the second part of the popular edition of Sydney Smith's works.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott (J.), History of King Richard the Second, 32mo. 1s.
Acts and Epistles, Chronologically Arranged, 4to. 6s. 6d.
Adam Bede, by George Eliot, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Alexander (T.), Great High Priest within the Veil, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
Archbold's Pleading and Evidence in Criminal Cases, by Welsby, 11th ed. 8vo. 24s.
Barclay (A. W.), Manual of Medical Diagnosis, 2nd ed. 12mo. 8s. 6d.
Bellew (J.), Sermon on Sunday Trading, 8vo. 1s.
Bickersteth (E.), Working Man's Fireside, 18mo. 1s.
Bohn's Historical Library: Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence, Vol. 2, post 8vo. 5s.
Bohn's Standard Library: Thierry's Formation and Progress of the Tiers Etat, post 8vo. 5s.
Bourne (L.), Thoughts upon Catholic Truth, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Boys' Own Text-Book, new ed. 32mo. 1s.
Brad upon the Waters, a Governor's Life, new ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Brewer (Dr.), Guide to Grecian History, new ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Brinton (W.), Diseases of the Stomach, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Burns Centenary, Account of the Proceedings and Speeches, 12mo. 1s.
Correspondence between the Vice-Chancellor and the late Pro-Rectors at Cambridge, 8vo. 1s.
De Sales (St. F.), Selections from, by Mrs. Hagot, 3rd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
De Quincy's Works, Vol. 10, Classic Records Reviewed, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Dickens (C.), Dombey and Son, Library ed. Vol. 2, post 8vo. 6s.
Dod (R.), Peerage and Baronage for 1859, 12mo. 10s. 6d.
Dod (R.), Parliamentary Companion for 1859, 32mo. 4s. 6d.
Faraday (M.), Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics, 8vo. 15s.
Garden Manual, by Editors of the "Cottage Gardener," new ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Girls' Own Text-Book, new ed. 32mo. 1s.
Hardwick (J. F.), Manual of Photographic Chemistry, 8th ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Hare (T.), Treatise on the Election of Representatives, 8vo. 10s.
Hatchard (T.), The Flowerer Gathered, 3rd ed. 16mo. 1s.
Hewer (Dr.), Gilbert Milner, M.P., 2 Vols. crown 8vo. 21s.
Hull (S.), On Scars and Diptheria, 8vo. 1s.
Hullett (J.), Sermons preached at Allstree, Derby, 2nd Series, crown 8vo. 5s.
James (J. H.), Observations on Strangulated Hernia, 8vo. 5s.
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Lectures on some of the Scripture Parables, by a Country Pastor, 12mo. 4s.
Lincoln (W.), Sermons on the Second Advent, 8vo. 1s.
Louden (J. C.), Encyclopedia of Gardening, new ed. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Lund (T.), Elements of Geometry and Mensuration, Part 3, 12mo. 3s. 6d. Complete 7s.
Margacher (F.), The Ionian Islands; their History, 8vo. 1s.
Marden (C.), On Billards, 8vo. 21s.
May (T.), Treatise on Law Privileges and Proceedings of Parliament, 4th ed. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Mill (S.), On Liberty, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Murray (T. B.), Zoological sketches, new ed. 12mo. 3s.
New Testament, newly divided into paragraphs, 4to. 10s. 6d.
Nothing to Eat, by Nectarine Sunnyside, 12mo. 1s.
Ollendorff (B.), Method of Learning Spanish by Velasquez, 12mo. 5s. 6d.
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Smith (E.), Reliquie (Poems), 12mo. 1s. 6d.
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Van de Velde (C.), Map of the Holy Land, 21s. and 24s.
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Webb (C.), The Church Distinguished, 12mo. 4s.
Weekly Novelist, Vol. 1, 4to. 3s. and 4s. 6d.
What is to Become of the Churches? 8vo. 1s.
Whitworth (J.), Poems and Autobiography, 8vo. 5s.
Whittaker (J.), The Village Life, Fugitive Poems, 8vo. 5s.
Wilkins (H.), Manual of Latin Prose Composition, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Winslow (J. W.), Memoir of (The Hidden Life), 3rd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Winslow (O.), Evening Thoughts, Vol. 1, new ed. 16mo. 3s.

ELECTRO-ZINC DEPOSITS ON ENGRAVED COPPER-PLATES.

Sir,—M. Louis Figuier, of Paris, through the instrumentality of my friend and confrère, M. Henri Plon, the eminent printer and publisher of Paris, having recently, in the columns of *La Presse* newspaper, made mention of my mode of surfacing engraved copper-plates with a coating of pure zinc by electro-metallurgical means, for the purpose of protecting such plates from wear while printing, and which coating can be removed and renewed at pleasure with facility and without injury to the engraved plate, I beg leave to introduce the particulars of my mode, for the benefit of those interested in extending the application of the galvanoplastic art.

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taining the same solution and a copper plate, which attach to the zinc of a Smee's battery, and in the outer cell place a plate of spelter, which attach to the silver of the above battery for 48 hours.

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I am, &c.,

HENRY BRADBURY.

Whitefriars, Feb. 3, 1859.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. George Henry Moore, of Moore Hall, Mayo, formerly M.P. for that county, has published a long letter to Count Montalembert, running to 116 pages of a pamphlet. He takes M. de Montalembert to task for praising English institutions.

M. Montalembert has had two silver statuettes made, representing Demosthenes and Cicero, intending to present them to the two council who conducted his defence in the late trial.

"Vesuvius," says a Naples letter of Tuesday last, "continues to devastate the lands and threaten the surrounding villages. It has now been in eruption for several months, and has cut through at four points the route leading to the Observatory. The lava still issues from the foot of the cone, and with a slowness which satisfies the curious, but with a persistency which frightens the savants."

A Paris correspondent of the *Brussels Independent* states that a war-song in the Italian language has been composed by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. It is entitled "The People's Hymn; or, the Voice of the Corsicans," and is, in fact, a poetic appeal to insurrection in Italy.

A work is about to be published in Paris, entitled "The Duchesse of Orleans; her Life, and Confidential Correspondence," written by a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, the daughter of an ambassador under Louis Philippe.

The American *Notes and Queries* states that Mr. Charles Lanman, of Washington, has undertaken the gigantic task of compiling a "Dictionary of Congress," from the earliest times until the present. It is to contain sketches of the successive sessions of Congress, of the different administrations, and of the presidential elections, all of which will be described more in biographical than in historical form. There will be not less than between four and five thousand names thus noticed.

The French Protestant "Year Book, for 1859," contains the names of the clergy, the lay members of the consistories, places of worship, schools, and theological colleges. A list of supernumerary ministers, a long table of Protestant schools, the titles of the principal publications of the past year, and of the Protestant journals, complete the contents of this useful year-book. The general results we gather from the publication are as follows:—The Reformed Church of France has 105 consistories; 617 pastors in the actual exercise of their profession; 1045 places of worship, of which 826 only are churches or oratories; 1139 schools. The Lutheran Church has 44 consistories, 281 pastors, 403 places of worship, of which 344 are churches or oratories (among them are 95 old Protestant churches, which are also used for Roman Catholic worship), and 609 schools. The different Churches separated from the state—Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, &c.—have about 120 pastors and 300 places of worship. The Anglican Churches, being almost exclusively composed of strangers, are not included in the list.—*Le Lien*.

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TIMES.

"Thus, by hearty enthusiasm, yet without a particle of bombast; in short, by his genuine sympathy with all of English kind, he (the author) succeeds in arousing the patriot while he disarms the critic; and we predict that the reception of his book will fully justify its title. His attempt to supply the place of 'Hume's History' is in a great measure successful; at least, we know to which we ourselves shall henceforth turn by preference."

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"The author of this new 'History of England' states that he was induced to undertake its publication in consequence of an observation made by Lord John Russell, when delivering a lecture at Bristol on the study of history, to the effect that there was no other 'History of England' than Hume's; and that when a young man of eighteen asked for a 'History of England,' there was no resource but to give him Hume. . . . But the influence of Hume is rapidly passing away. Subsequent historians have told the tale of England's rise and greatness with less prejudice and in fewer words; while others will no doubt be found to do the subject more justice in its details. Mr. Knight does not aspire to push Hume off 'our shelves and our tables.' He only wishes to write a history of the people—a history which should not merely disport in 'a gay wilderness of anecdotes, manners and customs, furniture and fashions,' but should connect domestic matters with the course of public events and the political condition of the various classes of society.' For such a history there is ample room; and Mr. Knight is a competent person to supply the rising generation with what they require."

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